

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME IV.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 18, 1838.

NUMBER 51.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

At 205 Broadway,

BY PRESCOTT, SWINBORNE & CO.

Terms.—Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Four Dollars when sent out of the United States. No subscriptions received for less than six months, nor discontinued except at half yearly periods and on payment of dues. Money may be remitted at the risk of the Publishers, if mailed in the presence of the Postmaster, and the description of bills, date of payment, &c., entered on his memorandum book.

Letters, unless post paid or enclosing a remittance from which the postage may be paid, will not be taken from the Post Office.

MISCELLANY.

THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.

In the Southern Hemisphere a brilliant constellation is observable at night in the form of a cross, which serves as a time-piece, its form always beginning to incline at midnight, a fact known to all nations living beyond the tropics. "How often," says Humboldt, "have we heard our guides exclaim in the Savannas of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'midnight is passed, the cross begins to bend!'"

In the silence and grandeur of midnight I tread,
Where Savannas in boundless magnificence spread;
And bearing sublimely their snow-wreaths on high,
The far Cordilleras unite with the sky.

The Fern-tree waves o'er me, the fire-fly's red light,
With its quick-glancing splendor illumines the night;
And I read in each tint of the skies and the earth
How distant my steps from the land of my birth.

But in thee as thy lode-stars resplendently burn,
In their clear depths of blue, with devotion I turn,
Bright Cross of the South! and beholding thee shine,
Scarce regret the low'd land of the Olive and Vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er the main,
My fathers unfolded the streamer of Spain,
And planted their faith in the regions that see
Its imperishable symbol emblazon'd in thee.

How oft, in their course o'er the oceans unknown,
Where all was mysterious and awfully lone,
Hath their spirit been cheer'd by thy light, when the
Reflected its brilliance, in tremulous sleep! [deep

As the vision that rose to the Lord of the world,*
When first his bright banner of faith was unfur'd;
E'en such to the heroes of Spain, when their prow
Made the billows the path of their glory, wert thou!

And to me, as I traverse the world of the west,
Thro' deserts of beauty, in stillness that rest;
By forests and rivers untam'd in their pride,
Thy beams have a language, thy course is a guide.

Shine on! my own land is a far distant spot,
And the stars of thy sphere can enlighten it not;
And the eyes which I love, tho' e'en now they may be
O'er the firmament wandering, can gaze not on thee!

But thou to my thoughts art a pure blazing shrine,
A fount of bright hopes and of visions divine;
And my soul, as an eagle, exulting and free,
Soars high o'er the Andes, to mingle with thee!

Mrs. Hemans.

* Constantine the Great.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

A GERMAN SAVANT.—A few mornings since, I visited a man of letters. I found him in his study, entrenched up to the chin in books and papers, and surrounded with all the printed wisdom of his country, in bindings that had evidently known a good deal of the "midnight lamp." The *nocturna versate manu, versate diurna* was in every thing. In short, all was as it ought to be in the sacellum of literature. The master of the shrine was a very intelligent person, I believe a very learned and certainly a very industrious one; for in a list of his daily pursuits, which he showed to me, there was scarcely an hour out of the twenty-four that had not its appropriate study. But the genius of tobacco-smoke was there, writing his death-warrant as legibly as my learned friend ever wrote a line of high Dutch. His pipe was in his hand; his goblet of *eau sucre*, its never failing, and almost equally sickening companion, was beside him; and with a lack lustre eye, and a cheek as yellow as the yellow page he was poring over, was this able and valuable man sadly smoking himself into the other world. His chamber, his books, his clothes, every thing about him, was tobacco; and I left the interview in sorrow, and half suffocated.—*The Year of Liberation.*

SHERIDAN.—No man of his day possessed so much tact in appropriating and adorning the wit of others. He pillaged his predecessors of their ideas, with as much skill and effrontery as he did his contemporaries of their money. It was his ambition to appear indolent; but he was, in fact particularly, though not regularly, laborious. The most striking parts of his best speeches were written and rewritten, on separate slips of paper, and, in many cases, laid by for years, before they were spoken. He not only elaborately polished his good ideas, but, when they were finished, waited patiently, until an opportunity occurred of uttering them with the best effect. Moore states, that the only time he could have had for the pre-arrangement of his conceptions, must have been during the many hours of the day which he passed in bed; when, frequently, while the world gave him credit for being asleep, he was employed in laying the frame-work of his wit and eloquence for the evening.

Like that of his great political rival, Pitt, his eloquence required the stimulus of the bottle. Port was his favourite wine: it quickened, he said, the circulation and the fancy together; adding, that he seldom spoke to his satisfaction until after he had taken a couple of bottles.—"If an idea be reluctant," he would sometimes say, "a glass of port ripens it, and it bursts forth; if it come freely a glass of port is a glorious reward for it." He usually wrote at night, with several candles burning around him.—*Georgian Era.*

TITIAN.

Resplendent Titian! what a host of thoughts
What memories of stars and midnight moons,
And long hours pass'd beneath the emerald vaults
Of forests! and the sweet eve's thousand tunes,
When the breeze rushes through the vine-festoons,
Show'ring their dew-drops; are concentrated here!
And forms of prince and knight in proud saloons,
And dames with dark Italian eyes that ne'er
Knew sorrow, or but wept the heart's bewitching tear.
Prometheus of the pencil! life and light
Burst on the canvass from thy mighty hand.
All hues sublime, that ever dazzled sight
When tempests die on Heaven, or waned
On hills, the evening's azure throne, or stain'd
Ruby or beryl in their Indian cell,
Or glanced from gem-dropt wing, or blossom vein'd,
Or tinged in ocean-caves the radiant shell,
All, at thy sceptre's wave, from all their fountain's
swell. Rev. G. Croly's "Paris in 1815."

HISTORY OF THE SKELETON OF DEATH.—When the Christian religion spread over Europe, the world changed! the certainty of a future state of existence, by the artifices of wicked worldly men, terrified instead of consoling human nature.—The dominion of mankind fell into the usurping hands of those imperious monks whose artifices trafficked with the terrors of ignorant and hypochondriac "Kaisers and Kings."—It was at this period that they first beheld the grave yawn, and Death in the Gothic form of a giant anatomy parading through the universe! The people were frightened, as they viewed every where hung before their eyes, in the twilight of their cathedrals, and their "pale cloisters," the most revolting emblems of death. They startled the traveller on the bridge; they stared on the sinner in the carvings of his table and chair; the spectre moved in the hangings of the apartment; it stood in the niche, and was the picture of their sitting-room; it was worn in their rings, while the illuminator shaded the bony phantom in the margins of their "horae," their primers, and their breviaries. Their barbarous taste perceived no absurdity in giving action to a heap of dry bones, which could only keep together in a state of immovability and repose; nor that it was burlesquing the awful idea of the resurrection, by exhibiting the incorruptible spirit under the unnatural and ludicrous figure of mortality drawn out of the corruption of the grave. In process of time, however, a reaction in the public feelings occurred, for the skeleton was afterwards employed as a medium to convey the most facetious, satirical, and burlesque notions of human life. Death, which had so long harassed their imaginations, suddenly changed into a theme fertile in coarse humour. The Italians were too long accustomed to the study of the beautiful to allow, their pencil to sport with deformity; but the Gothic taste of the German artists, who could only copy their own

homely nature, delighted to give human passions to the hideous physiognomy of a noseless skull, to put an eye of mockery or malignity into its hollow socket, and to stretch out the gaunt anatomy into the postures of a Hogarth; and that the ludicrous might be carried to its extreme, this imaginary being, taken from the bone-house, was viewed in the action of dancing. This blending of the grotesque with the most disgusting image of mortality, is the more singular part of this history of the skeleton, and indeed of human nature itself!—*Curios. Lit. Second Series.*

SEVILLE.

Sweet are thy gardens, Seville! sweet the breath
That blossom'd bowers exhale around thy wall;
'Tis beauty all; and Winter's gentlest death
Blows on thy flowers, and few the leaves that fall
To strew the paths; a yellow tint is all
That to thy groves the chill Levanter lends,
As if reflected from each golden ball
Of fragrant fruit that from the branches bends;
And in a month 'tis o'er—the little winter ends!
Dallas.

ENGLISH PARTIALITY FOR FLOWERS.—The nation altogether has a particular love for trees and flowers. The lord has, in his parks, oaks of a thousand years' growth, untouched by the axe, hot-houses full of exotic plants, exquisite fruits, and the rarest flowers; there is not a cottage in England which has not before it a little piece of ground for the cultivation of flowers; and even the poor town-imprisoned artisan works at his loom in sight of pots of flowers, placed on the window sill (with a mind no less generous than my lord's) in order that the passengers also may enjoy the sight of them. The love of flowers is in itself a great sign of civilisation.—*Count Pecchio's 'Italian Exile in England.'*

DR. PARR'S EPICURISM.—"There are certainly one or two luxuries to which I am addicted; the first is a shoulder of mutton, not over-roasted nor under-roasted, and richly encrusted with flour and salt; the second is a plain suet pudding; the third is a plain family plum-pudding; the fourth is a kind of high-festival dish, adapted to the stomach of a pampered priest, and consists of hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce."—*Dr. P. in a letter to a friend.*

TYROLESE EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE.—The Golden Adler at Innsbruck, independently of being the house where Hofer lodged, is a primitive inn, at once cheap and comfortable. Having paid our very moderate bill, (leaving a gratuity for the servants) the chambermaid came into our room, and, seizing our hand, kissed it! We did not recollect at the moment that this was the customary way of expressing gratitude in such cases. We were hurried, indeed, and taken at a loss; and, in short, without an idea of gallantry, or anything else, but simply from not knowing how to act on the occasion, we returned the salute on the damsel's cheek. She appeared to be grateful for the new compliment, and, curtsying low, thanked us again, and withdrew.—*Heath's Picturesque Annual.*

SIMPLICITY, A GRACE.

Wreath not those glittering bands of gold
Around thy dark, unbraided air;
Arrange not every waving fold
Of that light dress, with studied care;
Nor fix the damask hues that fly,
Deep'ning thy soft cheek's paler dye.
Who ever hangs the simple rose,
With glaring gems or silken shreds,
Deepens with paint the blush that glows
On every leaf; or perfume sheds,
To scent the flower which fragrance flings
On every breeze of Zephyr's wings? *Lit. Gaz.*

THE FORLORN HOPE OF THE SIMPLON.

(In May, 1800, General Balthazard of the French army, set out at the head of fourteen hundred men and eight pieces of cannon, to seek a new route over the Alps, preparatory to the invasion of Italy by Napoleon. The adventures of this forlorn hope of the Simplon are detailed by Disjovnal, second in command of the expedition, in a despatch to Berthier, and never was a story more French, or more interesting.)

At one place, in the midst of the mountains, they found that the rude bridge over which they expected to pass, had been swept away by an

avalanche. The chasm was sixty feet broad, with perpendicular sides, and a torrent roaring at the bottom; but General Balthazard only remarked to the men that they were ordered to cross, and that cross they must. A volunteer speedily presented himself, who, clambering to the bottom of the precipice, eyed deliberately the gloomy gulf before him. In vain "the angry spirit of the waters shrieked;" for the veteran—a mountaineer perhaps himself—saw that the foundations of the bridge, which were nothing more than holes in the bed of the torrent to receive the extremities of the poles, which had supported a transverse pole above, were still left, and not many feet under the surface. He called to his companions to fasten the end of a cord to the precipice above, and fling down the rest of the cord to him. With this burden on his shoulders, he then stepped boldly, but cautiously, into the water, fixing his legs in the foundation-holes of the bridge.

As he sunk deeper and deeper in his progress through the roaring stream, bending up against the current, and seeming to grapple with it as with a human enemy, it may be imagined that the spectacle was viewed with intense interest by his comrades above. Sometimes the holes were far apart, and, in striding from one to the other, it seemed a miracle that he was not swept away; sometimes they were too shallow to afford sufficient purchase; and, as he stood swaying and tottering for a moment, a smothered cry burst from the hearts of the spectators, converted into a shout of triumph and applause as he suddenly sprang forward another step, plunged his leg into a deeper crevice, and remained steady. Sometimes the holes were too deep—a still more imminent danger; and once or twice there was nothing visible of the adventurer above the surface but his arms and head, his wild eyes glaring like those of a water-demon amidst the spray, and his teeth seen fiercely clenched through the dripping and disordered mustachio. The wind, in the meantime, increased every moment; and, as it swept moaning through the chasm, whenever it struck the river, the black waters rose with a burst and a shriek.

The spirit of human daring at last conquered, and the soldier stood panting on the opposite precipice. What was gained by the exploit? The rope, stretched across the chasm, and fastened firmly at either side, was as good as Waterloo Bridge to the gallant Frenchmen! General Balthazard himself was the first to follow the volunteer; and after him a thousand men—knapsacked, armed, and accoutred—swung themselves, one by one, across the abyss, a slender cord their only support, and an Alpine torrent their only footing.

The dogs of the division, amounting to five, with a heroism less fortunate, but not less admirable, next tried the passage. They had waited till the last man had crossed—for a soldier's dog belongs to the regiment—and then, with a quick, moaning cry, sprung simultaneously into the gulf. Two only reached the opposite cliffs, the other three were swept away by the torrent. These gallant beasts were seen for several minutes, struggling among the surge; they receded imperceptibly; and then sunk at once in an eddy, that whirled them out of sight. Two died in silence; but a wild and stifled yell told the despair of the third. The adventurers—at the foot of an almost perpendicular mountain, which it was necessary to cross before night-fall—had little time to grieve for their faithful friends. With the assistance of their bayonets, which they inserted, while climbing, in the interstices of the rock to serve as a support, they recommenced their perilous ascent; but even after a considerable time had elapsed, they often turned their heads, as some sound from the dark river below reached them, and looked down with a vague hope into the gulf.

The terror of the Austrian posts may be conceived, when they saw a thousand men rushing down upon them from the Alps, by passes which Nature herself had fortified with seemingly inaccessible ramparts! The expedition was completely successful, both as regarded its immediate and ulterior purpose; and, indeed, with all the disadvantages attending the opening of a new and hazardous route, the column reached the point of rendezvous several days before that of General Momey, which had debouched by the pass of St. Bernard.* The famous battle of Marengo took place immediately after; and the construction of the military road of the Simplon was decreed.

Heath's Picturesque Annual.

* It was eventually found that the route of the Simplon shortened the distance from Paris to Milan, by nearly fifty leagues.

DO ANN HAZARD.

1. The object of this work, as stated by the author in his preface, is to point out the effects and the advantages which arise from the use of tools and machines; to endeavour to classify their modes of action; and to trace both the causes and the consequences of applying machinery to supersede the skill and the power of the human arm.

2. Mr. Babbage has classified the advantages derived from the employment of tools and machinery under the following heads: 1st, The addition they make to human power; 2d, The economy they produce of human time; and, 3d, The converting substances apparently common and worthless into valuable products. He has given a few illustrations under each of these heads; but they do not seem to be the most striking that might have been selected. The vast additions made to human power by the employment of tools and machines, are, indeed, too obvious not to arrest the attention of every one. There is hardly a single branch of industry in which they do not add immensely to the energies of the labourer; and there are very many branches, and those too of the utmost importance, that could not be prosecuted without their assistance. The capacity to invent and contrive makes a part of the original constitution of man. He is at all times desirous to make the powers of nature minister to his purposes; and his well-being mainly depends on his success in this respect, or on the skill which he displays in pressing the powers of nature into his service, and making them perform a part of those tasks that would otherwise be either not performed at all, or performed by the hand only. We have been so long accustomed to make use of the most complicated and expensive machines, that we have in a great measure forgotten how much we owe to those that are simpler and cheaper, but not less powerful or useful. The truth is, that we hardly do any thing—that we cannot so much as make a pen, snuff a candle, mend a fire, or dress a beef-steak—without resorting to machinery. We are so much identified with it, that it has become, as it were, almost a part of ourselves. Agriculture could not be carried on, even in its rudest form, without spades and hoes; and the horses had to be domesticated, and iron smelted and forged, before the plough could be introduced. Civilized man is, in fact, indebted to tools and machines, not for an increase of power merely, but for almost everything that he possesses. Perhaps not one in a thousand of the arts practised amongst us could be carried on by the hand only. Those who investigate the history of the human race, who trace their slow and gradual progress from their lowest and most abject to their highest and most polished state, will find that it has always been accompanied and chiefly promoted by the invention and improvement of tools and engines.—What, we ask, has falsified all the predictions of Hume and Smith, as to the increase of the public debt, and enables us to support without difficulty a load of taxes that would have crushed our fathers, as it would crush any other people? This wonderful result has not assuredly been owing to any peculiar sagacity on the part of our rulers, nor to the miserable quackery of sinking funds, custom-house regulations, and such like devices. There cannot, indeed, be the shadow of a doubt that it is to be wholly ascribed to the stupendous inventions and discoveries of Hargraves, Arkwright, Watt, Wedgwood, Crompton, Cartwright, and a few others. These added so prodigiously to our capacities of production, that we went on rapidly increasing in population and wealth, notwithstanding an expenditure of blood and treasure unparalleled in the history of the world. It is believed that an individual can at this moment by means of the improved machinery now in use, produce about 200 times the quantity of cotton goods that an individual could have produced at the accession of George III. in 1760! The improvement in other branches, though for the most part less striking than in the cotton manufacture, is still very great; and in some, as in the lace manufacture, it is little if any inferior. The high and conspicuous place we occupy among the nations of the earth, is not owing to our possessing a greater population, a finer climate, or a more fertile soil; but to the superior art we have evinced in availing ourselves of the power of nature. This has multiplied our resources, and increased our power in a degree that was not previously conceivable. It is not going too far

to say that we have, at the very least, derived ten times more advantage from this spinning jenny and the steam engine, than from all our conquests in India, though these have added nearly 100 millions of subjects to our empire.

Mr. Babbage illustrates the effect of machinery in saving time, by referring to the employment of gunpowder in the blasting of rocks. The gunpowder may be prepared and applied with comparatively little labour, while its effects are instantaneous and tremendous. But the invention of the loom, though unnoticed by our author, has, in this respect, been productive of the most signal advantage. Ullao mentions that the Indians of South America have no other method of making cloth than by taking up thread after thread of the warp, and passing the wool between them by the hand; and he adds that they are thus frequently engaged for two or three years, in the weaving of hammocks, coverlets, and other coarse cloths, which a European would, by means of his loom, in as many days, or probably hours.* It was not without good reason that the Greeks ascribed the discovery of the arts of spinning and weaving to Minerva. There are none certainly that have been productive of greater advantage; or have done greater honour to the sagacity of mankind.

The principal improvement made for ages in the art of weaving is the invention of the power-loom by the Rev. Mr. Cartwright. In this sort of loom, the shuttle is thrown, and every part of the work performed by means of machinery; the joinings of the threads when they break being the only thing left to be performed by manual labour. Notwithstanding the recentness of the invention, power-looms have been so much improved that they produce various fabrics of a decidedly superior quality to those produced by the hand loom weavers. Mr. Babbage estimates the number of power-looms employed in Great Britain in 1830, at 55,000, each of them performing as much work as three hand-looms; and we incline to think that this estimate is rather under than above the mark. It appears from the accurate researches of Dr. Cleland, that 11,000 power-looms belong, at present, to Glasgow manufacturers;† and 40,000 would seem to be decidedly too small a number for the rest of the kingdom.

The number of power-looms has been nearly trebled since 1820, whereas the number of hand-looms is believed to be stationary during that interval at 240,000. We have endeavoured to obtain accurate information as to the influence of this competition on the condition of the weavers; but there is a great discrepancy in all the statements that we have seen. On the whole, however, it is abundantly certain that the competition in question has not been by any means so injurious to their interests as might have been supposed. That the wages of the men employed have been reduced in a greater degree than in the other departments of the trade, is true; but they have not fallen to the same extent that the prices of beef, bread, and other important articles of provisions have fallen; and as the families of the weavers are now in the habit of rendering them greater assistance than at any former period, while many of their wives and children are employed in waiting on the power-looms, we doubt whether it can be truly stated that they have sustained any material injury from their introduction. Hitherto they seem to have operated rather to extend the manufacture than to supersede weavers. The probability is, that the latter will be able to maintain their ground, till a rise of wages gives a greater advantage to the power-looms than they enjoy at present; and when such a rise takes place, the weavers may, with comparatively little inconvenience, engage in other employments.

In illustrating the use of machinery in converting apparently useless and worthless substances into valuable products, Mr. Babbage refers to the skins used by the gold-beater, and to the production of the prussiate of potash from the hoofs of horses and cattle, and other horny refuse. It is singular, however, that he should not have referred, either in this, or in any other part of his work, to the manufacture of paper. Considering, indeed, the very many important purposes to which paper is applied, its extraordinary cheapness, and the fact that without it the invention of printing would have been unknown, or of comparatively little value, it may be classed amongst the most useful of all the products to which human ingenuity has given birth. The interest attached to its manufacture is greatly increased from the knowledge that it is formed of the most worthless materials. The inventor of the process for converting rags into paper, conferred an incomparably greater benefit on society, than if he had realized the fable of Midas, and transmuted them into gold. It was also particularly deserving of Mr. Babbage's attention, from the circumstance of very great improvements having been recently made in the manufacture.

About the year 1800, Mr. Didot imported from France the model of a machine for the manufacture of paper, which was improved by the mechanical skill of English artists, and brought into an effective state about 1808. This machine, by superseding hand labour in the conversion of pulp into paper, has been very generally adopted, and has materially promoted that extension of the manufacture which has recently taken place. Mr. Dickinson of Hertfordshire, one of the most ingenious and inventive of our practical mechanists, has constructed another machine which performs the same operation by a different method; converting a stream of fluid pulp into a web of dry paper,

completely finished and ready for the press, within a distance of about twenty-seven feet, and in about three minutes time! The machinery by which this all but miraculous result is effected, is so ingeniously contrived and admirably adjusted, that the continuous sheet of paper, which in its first stage appears like a wet cobweb, hardly capable of cohesion, is drawn forward over various rollers, from one stage of the process to another, at the rate of thirty feet per minute. We are not aware that much difference has taken place for a long period in the machinery for converting rags into pulp; but the present process, which is different from the original method of beating out the rags, has this drawback on its economy and despatch, that it breaks the fibre, and renders the paper less tenacious and durable.

The introduction of the process of bleaching by chlorine, has, we understand, added largely to the supply of materials for paper making; for, not only the waste of our cotton factories, but even the worn-out rags in which the cotton is imported, are now made to serve the same purposes as linen rags; so that neither the loss of the continental rags, for which the Americans outbid us, nor the daily increasing consumption of paper, have occasioned any increase of its price. Indeed it is not only of far superior quality, but fifty per cent cheaper than it was twenty-five years since.

Mr. Dickinson has very recently made an important improvement in the paper manufacture on the principle of veneering in cabinet work. He makes two webs of paper, each by a separate process; but by laying them together while in an early stage, they are rendered inseparable by the pressure to which they are subjected. This paper is used in copperplate printing; and by adopting a peculiar method of preparing the pulp, and selecting a finer rag for the web which forms the face of the paper, it is much better calculated for taking a fine impression. This admirable invention has put a total stop to the importation of French paper, which was formerly used in considerable quantities by copperplate printers.

Mr. Babbage has entered into some rather lengthened, but very instructive details as to copying by means of machinery. In this case the object most usually sought is to obtain the nearest approach to perfect identity between the thing copied and the copy. This is peculiarly striking in the multiplying copies of engravings, and in the printing of books, cottons, &c. Until the types begin sensibly to wear, copy after copy of a book may be thrown off; and, provided the paper be similar, it will be next to impossible to discriminate between one copy and another. The identity of the figures in printed cottons of the same pattern is quite perfect, and could not be equalled by an artist of the greatest skill, even though there were no limitation as to the time he might expend, or the expense he might incur in copying. In engraving by copperplates, the lines become speedily worn; and if many impressions are to be thrown off, the plate requires frequent retouching, and even with all the aid derived from this resource, the latter impressions are usually very inferior. Engraving by pressure has obviated this difficulty; and is one of the most beautiful instances of the art of copying carried to an almost unlimited extent. 'The delicacy,' says Mr. Babbage, 'with which it can be executed, and the precision with which the finest traces of the graving tool can be transferred from steel to copper, or even from hard steel to soft steel, is most unexpected. We are indebted to Mr. Perkins for most of the contrivances that have brought this art at once almost to perfection. An engraving is first made upon soft steel, which is hardened by a peculiar process, without in the least injuring its delicacy. A cylinder of soft steel, pressed with great force against the hardened steel engraving, is now made to roll slowly backward and forward over it, thus receiving the design, but in relief. This is, in its turn, hardened without injury. And if it be slowly rolled to and fro with strong pressure on successive plates of copper, it will imprint on a thousand of them a perfect fac-simile of the original steel engraving from which it resulted. Thus the number of copies producible from the same design is multiplied a thousand fold. But even this is very far short of the limits to which this process may be extended. The hardened steel roller, bearing the design upon it in relief, may be employed to make a few of its first impressions upon plates of soft steel, and these, being hardened, become the representatives of the original engraving, and may in turn be made the parents of other rollers, each generating copperplates like their prototype. The possible extent to which fac-similes of one original engraving may thus be multiplied, almost confounds the imagination, and appears to be, for all practical purposes, unlimited.'

It may be worth while, perhaps, to observe, that the introduction of the art of engraving on steel has been eminently favourable to the interests of the engravers. Seeing that an engraving on copper would hardly afford more than 2000 copies, the engravers were naturally at first alarmed at the idea of preparing a steel plate that would at least afford ten times that number of impressions. But this circumstance, by enabling the booksellers to produce highly embellished works—the *Annals*, for example—at such low prices as induced the public to take off large impressions, has increased tenfold the business of the engravers, and fiftyfold that of the copperplate printers.

It is not possible to lay down any general principle for determining the influence of machinery on power. Machines are sometimes introduced because they perform work better, and sometimes merely because they perform it more expeditiously than it could be done by the hand. But in the vast majority of cases they are introduced with a view to the saving of ex-

pense, or because it is believed that they will do their work cheaper than it can be done by manual labour, or by the machinery already in use. In one instance, these expectations are disappointed; and the machine must, in consequence, be sooner or later laid aside. The degrees of success vary in an almost infinite ratio. Sometimes, as in the instances of the cotton spinning machinery, and the machinery for weaving Nottingham lace, the fall of price is quite astonishing; while, in other instances, new machines with difficulty withstand the competition of hand labour, or of the old machinery, and the fall of price is but inconsiderable.

The durability of a machine has, *ceteris paribus*, a very material influence on the price of its work; much more so, indeed, than is commonly supposed, or than Mr. Babbage seems to have been aware of.—Thus, supposing a machine which costs £500 is fitted to last five years, and that the customary rate of profit is six per cent; the work done by it will be worth £118 12s; that is, £30 as the profits on the machine, and £88 12s to accumulate as an annuity at six per cent, to replace the machine when it is worn out. Now, suppose that the durability of the machine is increased to ten years: in this case the price of the work done by it will fall no less than thirty three per cent, or to £68; for, an annuity of £68, accumulating for ten years at 6 per cent, will amount to £500. It is obvious, therefore, that the question of durability enters deeply into the question of price, and that it is a most important element to be taken into account in estimating the efficiency of any machine. At the same time, however, it might be imprudent to purchase even a high degree of durability by any considerable increase of cost in the first instance. 'Machinery,' says Mr. Babbage, 'for producing any commodity in great demand, seldom actually wears out; new improvements by which the same operations can be executed more quickly or better, generally superseding it long before that period arrives; indeed, to make such an improved machine profitable, it is usually reckoned that in five years it ought to have paid itself, and in ten to be superseded by a better.'—(P. 231.) And in corroboration of this statement, he quotes the following paragraph from the evidence of a witness before a committee of the House of Commons:—'A cotton manufacturer who left Manchester seven years ago, would be driven out of the market by the men who are now living in it, provided his knowledge had not kept pace with those who have been, during that time, constantly profiting by the progressive improvements that have taken place.'

The durability of a machine depends on various circumstances; partly on the materials of which it is constructed; partly on the skill displayed in its construction, and the care taken to keep it in repair, particularly to correct every shake or looseness in the axis; and partly upon the small mass and slow velocity of its moving parts. Every thing approaching to a blow, and all sudden changes of direction, are injurious.

THE POOR IRISH SCHOLAR.

Abridged from "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

There is no country on the earth in which either education, or the desire to procure it, is so much revered as in Ireland. Next to the claims of the priest and schoolmaster come those of the poor scholar for the respect of the people. It matters not how poor or how miserable he may be; so long as they see him struggling with poverty in the prosecution of a purpose so laudable, they will treat him with attention and kindness. Here there is no danger of his being sent to the workhouse, committed as a vagrant—or passed from parish to parish, until he reaches his own settlement. Here the humble lad is not met by the sneer of purse-proud insolence, or his simple tale answered only by the frown of heartless contempt. No—no. The best bit and sup are placed before him; and whilst his poor but warm-hearted entertainer can afford only potatoes and salt to his own half-starved family, he will make a struggle to procure something better for the poor scholar; 'Beckase he is far from his own, the crathur! An' sure the intintion in him is good, any how; the Lord prosper him, and every one that has the heart set upon the larnin'!

Jemmy M'Evoy was the son of a poor farmer in the parish of Ballygeagh, who was much reduced in his circumstances by the oppression of a factor, or middleman. Having a strong and virtuous desire to possess an education suitable to the office of a clergyman, in order, if possible, to be the means of rescuing his unfortunate parents from the poverty of their condition, a collection in money was humanely made at the different places of worship in the parish, to enable him to set out on his laudable expedition to a distant school in Munster. At length Jemmy was equipped, and sad and heavy became the hearts of his parents and immediate relations, as the morning appointed for his departure drew nigh. The morning came: it was dark and cloudy, but calm, without rain. When the family were all assembled, every member of it evinced traces of deep feeling, and every eye was fixed upon the serene but melancholy countenance of the boy with tenderness and sorrow. He himself maintained a quiet equanimity, which, though apparently liable to be broken by the struggles of domestic affection, and in character with his meek and unassuming disposition, yet was supported by more firmness than might be expected from a mind in which kindness and sensibility were so strongly predominant. At this time, however, his character was not developed, or at least not understood by those that surrounded him. To strong feelings and enduring affections he added great

* Ullao, Voyage de l'Amerique, tom. I. p. 336.

† Statistics of Glasgow, p. 290.

keenness of perception and bitterness of invective. At breakfast little or nothing was eaten; the boy himself could not taste a morsel, nor any other person in the family. When the form of the meal was over, the father knelt down—'It's right,' said he, 'that we should all go to our knees, and join in a prayer in behalf of the child that's goin' on a good intension.—He won't thrive the worse because the last words that he'll hear from his father and mother's lips is a prayer for bringin' the blessin' of God down upon his endeavours.'

This was accordingly performed, though not without tears and sobs, and frequent demonstrations of grief; for religion among the peasantry is often associated with bursts of deep and powerful feeling.

When the prayer was over, the boy rose and calmly strapped to his back a satchel covered with deer-skin, containing a few books, linen, and a change of very plain apparel. While engaged in this, the uproar of grief in the house was perfectly heart-rending.—When just ready to set out, he reverently took off his hat, knelt down, and with tears streaming from his eyes, bowed humbly and meekly the blessing and forgiveness of his father and mother. The mother caught him in her arms, kissed his lips, and kneeling also, sobbed out a fervent benediction upon his head; the father now, in the grief of a strong man, pressed him to his heart, until the big burning tears fell upon the boy's face; his brothers and sisters embraced him wildly; next his more distant relations; and lastly, the neighbours who were crowded about the door. After this he took a light staff in his hand, and first blessing himself after the form of his church, proceeded to a strange land in quest of education.

The poor scholar, in the course of his journey, had the satisfaction of finding himself an object of kind and hospitable attention to his countrymen. His satchel of books was literally a passport to their hearts. For instance, as he wandered his solitary way, depressed and travel-worn, he was frequently accosted by labourers from behind a ditch on the road-side, and after giving a brief history of the object he had in view, brought, if it was dinner hour, to some farm-house or cabin, where he was made to partake of their meal. Many, in fact, were the little marks of kindness and attention which the poor lad received on his way. Sometimes a ragged peasant, if he happened to be his fellow-traveller, would carry his satchel so long as they travelled together; or a carman would give him a lift on his empty car; or some humorous postillion, or tipsy 'shay-boy,' with a comical leer in his eye, would shove him into his vehicle.

Arriving at Munster, Jemmy, by the kindness of the curate, was introduced to the master of a school in the most favourable manner. He returned that day to his lodgings, and the next morning with his Latin Grammar under his arm, he went to school to taste the first bitter fruits of the tree of knowledge. On entering it, which he did with a beating heart, he found the despot of a hundred subjects sitting behind a desk, with his hat on, a brow superciliously severe, and his nose crimped into a most cutting and vinegar curl. The truth was, the master knew the character of the curate, and felt that, because he had taken Jemmy under his protection, no opportunity remained for him of fleeing the boy, under the pretence of securing his money, and that, consequently, the arrival of the poor scholar would be no windfall, as he had expected. When Jemmy entered, he looked first at the master; but the master, who verified the proverb that there are none so blind as those who will not see, took no notice whatsoever of him. The boy then looked timidly about the school in quest of a friendly face, and indeed, few faces except friendly ones were turned upon him.

The master now made inquiry how he was to be paid for the education he was to confer, and Jemmy explained that he had money to pay for two years.—'Now I persue you have decency,' said the barefaced knave. 'Here is your task. Get that half page by heart. You have a cute look, and I've no doubt but the stuff's in you. Come to me after dismissal, till we have a little talk together.' Jemmy was, however, put on his guard by a boy named Thady; and so he was prepared against the designs of the master. During school hours that day, many a warm-hearted urchin entered into conversation with the poor scholar; some moved by curiosity to hear his brief and simple history; others anxious to offer him a temporary asylum in their fathers' houses; and several of them to know if he had the requisite books, assuring him that if he had not, they would lend them to him. These proofs of artless generosity touched the homeless youth's heart more acutely, inasmuch as he could perceive but too clearly that the eye of the master rested upon him from time to time with no auspicious glance. When the scholars were dismissed, a scene occurred which was calculated to produce a smile, although it certainly placed the scholar in a predicament by no means agreeable. It resulted from a contest among the boys as to who should first bring him home. A battle ensued, and in a few minutes there was scarcely a little pair of fists present that were not at work either on behalf of the two first combatants, or with a view to determine their own private rights in being the first to exercise hospitality towards the amazed poor scholar. The fact was, that while the two largest boys were arguing the point, about thirty or forty minor disputes all ran parallel to theirs, and their modes of decision was immediately adopted by the pugnacious urchins of the school. In this manner they were engaged, poor Jemmy attempting to tranquilize and separate them, when the master, armed in all his terrors presented himself.

With the tact of a sly old disciplinarian, he first

secured the door, and instantly commenced the agreeable task of promiscuous castigation. Heavy and vindictive did his arm descend upon those whom he suspected to have cautioned the boy against his rapacity; nor amongst the warm-hearted lads whom he thrashed so cunningly, was Thady passed over with a tender hand. Springs, bouncings, doublings, blowing of fingers, scratching of heads, and rubbing of elbows—shouts of pain, and doleful exclamations, accompanied by action that displayed surpassing agility—marked the effect with which he plied the instrument of punishment. In the meantime, the spirit of reaction, to use a modern phrase, began to set in. The master, while thus engaged in dispensing justice, first received a rather vigorous thwack on the ear from behind, by an anonymous contributor, who gifted him with what is called a musical ear, for it sang during five minutes afterwards. The monarch, when turning round to ascertain the traitor, received another insult on the most indefensible side, and that with a cordiality of manner that induced him to send his right hand a reconnaissance to the invaded part. He wheeled round a second time with more alacrity than before; but nothing less than the head of Janus could have secured him on the occasion. The anonymous contributor sent him a fresh article. This was supported by another kick behind; the turf began to fly; one after another came in contact with his head and shoulders so rapidly, that he found himself, instead of being the assailant, actually placed upon his defence. The insurrection spread, the turf flew more thickly; his subjects closed in upon him in a more compact body; every little fist itched to be at him; the larger boys boldly laid in the faces, punched him in the stomach, treated him most opprobriously behind, every kick and cuff accompanied by a memento of his cruelty; in short, they compelled him, like Charles the Tenth, ignominiously to fly from his dominions.

On finding the throne vacant, some of them suggested that it ought to be overturned altogether. Thady, however, who was the ringleader of the rebellion, persuaded them to be satisfied with what they had accomplished, and consequently succeeded in preventing them from destroying the fixtures.

Again they surrounded the poor scholar, who, feeling himself the cause of the insurrection, appeared an object of much pity. Such was his grief that he could scarcely reply to them. Their consolation on witnessing his distress was overwhelming; they desired him to think nothing of it; if the master, they told him, should wreak his resentment on him, 'be the holy farmer, they would pay the master.' Thady's claim was now undisputed; with only the injury of a black eye, and a lip swelled to the size of a sausage, he walked home in triumph, the poor scholar accompanying him.

(Remainder in our next.)

THE PASHA OF MANY TALES.

The conclusion of Huckaback's extraordinary adventures on his last expedition is now subjoined:

We had gained to the northward of the Bahama Isles, and were standing to the westward before a light breeze, when early one morning several water spouts were observed to be forming in various directions. It was my watch below, but as I had never seen one of these curious phenomena of nature, I went on deck to indulge my curiosity.

'Pray what is a waterspout?' inquired the Pasha; 'I never heard of one before.'

'A waterspout, your Highness, is the ascent of a large body of water into the clouds—one of those gigantic operations by which nature, apparently without effort, accomplishes her will, pointing out to man the insignificance of his most vaunted undertakings.'

'Humph! that's a waterspout, is it?' replied the Pasha; 'I'm about as wise as before.'

'I will describe it more clearly to your Highness, for there is no one who has a better right to know what a waterspout is, than myself.'

A black cloud was over our heads, and we perceived that for some time it was rapidly descending. The main body then remained stationary, and a certain portion of it continued belling down until it had assumed the form of an enormous jelly-bag. From the end of this bag a thin wiry black tongue of vapour continued to descend until it had arrived half way between the cloud and the sea. The water beneath then ruffled on its surface, increasing its agitation more and more until it boiled and bubbled like a large cauldron, throwing its foam aside in every direction. In a few minutes a small spiral thread of water was perceived to rise into the air, and meet the tongue which had waded it from the cloud. When the union had taken place, the thread increased each moment in its size, until it was swelled into a column of water several feet in diameter, which continued to supply the thirsty cloud until it was satiated and could drink more. It then broke, the sea became smooth as before, and the messenger of heaven flew away upon the wings of the wind, to dispense its burthen over the parched earth in refreshing and fertilizing showers.

While I was standing on the taffrail in admiration of this wonderful resource of nature, the main boom gusted and struck me with such force, that I was thrown into the sea. Another waterspout forming close to the vessel, the captain and crew were alarmed and made all sail to escape without regarding me; for they were aware that if it was to break over them, they would be sent to the bottom with its enormous weight. I had scarcely risen to the surface, when I perceived that the water was in agitation round me, and all my efforts to swim from the spot were unavailing, for I was within the circle of attraction. Thus was I left to my fate, and convinced that I could not swim for

many minutes, I swallowed the salt water as fast as I could, that my struggles might sooner be over.

But as the sea boiled up, I found myself gradually drawn more to the centre, and when exactly in it, I was raised in a sitting posture upon the spiral thread of water, which, as I explained to your Highness, forced itself upwards to join the tongue protruded by the cloud. There I sat, each second rising higher and higher, balanced like the gilt ball of pith, which is borne up by the vertical stream of the fountain which plays in the inner court of your Highness's palace. I cast my eyes down, and perceived the vessel not far off, the captain and crew holding up their eyes in amazement at the extraordinary spectacle.

'I don't wonder at that,' observed the Pasha.

I soon reached the tongue of the cloud, which appeared as if impatient to receive me—the hair of my head first coming within its attractive powers was raised straight on end—then seized as it were and twisted round. I was dragged up by it each moment with increased velocity, as I whirled round in my ascent. At last I found myself safely landed, and sat down to recover my breath which I had nearly lost for ever.

'And, pray, where did you sit, Huckaback?'

'On the cloud, your Highness.'

'Holy prophet! What, a cloud bear your weight?'

'If your Highness will call to mind that at the same time the cloud took up several tons of water, you cannot be surprised at its supporting me.'

'Very true,' replied the Pasha. 'This is a wonderful story, but before you go on, I wish to know what the cloud was made of.'

'That is rather difficult to explain to your Highness. I can only compare it to a wet blanket. I found it excessively cold and damp, and caught a rheumatism while I was there, which I feel to this day.'

When the cloud was saturated, the column divided, and we rapidly ascended until the cold became intense. We passed a rainbow as we skimmed along, and I was very much surprised that the key of my chest and my clasp knife, forced themselves through the cloth of my jacket, and flew with great velocity towards it, fixing themselves firmly to the violet rays, from which I discovered that those peculiar rays were magnetic. I mentioned this curious circumstance to an English lady whom I met on her travels, and I have since learnt that she has communicated the fact to the learned societies as a discovery of her own. However, as she is a very pretty woman, I forgive her. Anxious to look down upon the earth, I poked a hole with my finger through the bottom of the cloud, and was astonished to perceive how rapidly it was spinning round. We had risen so high as to be out of the sphere of its attraction, and in consequence remained stationary. I had been up about six hours, and although I was close to the coast of America when I ascended, I could perceive that the Cape of Good Hope was just heaving in sight. I was enabled to form a good idea of the structure of the globe, for at that immense height I could see to the very bottom of the Atlantic ocean. Depend upon it, your Highness, if you wish to discover more than other people can, it is necessary to be 'up in the clouds.'

'Very true,' replied the Pasha, 'but go on.'

'I was very much interested in the chemical process of turning the salt water into fresh, which was going on with great rapidity while I was there. Perhaps your Highness would like me to explain it, as it will not occupy your attention more than an hour.'

'No, no, skip that, Huckaback, and go on.'

But as soon as I had gratified my curiosity, I began to be alarmed at my situation, not so much on account of the means of supporting existence, for there was more than sufficient.

'More than sufficient! Why, what could you have to eat?'

Plenty of fresh fish your Highness, which had been taken up in the column of water at the same I was, and the fresh water already lay in little pools around me. But the cold was dreadful, and I felt that I could not support it many hours longer, and how to get down again was a problem which I could not solve.

It was however soon solved for me, for the cloud having completed its chemical labours, descended as rapidly as it had risen, and joined many others, who were engaged in sharp conflict. As I beheld them darting against each other, and discharging the electric fluid in the violence of their collision, I was filled with trepidation and dismay, lest meeting an adversary, I should be hurled into the abyss below, or be withered by the artillery of heaven. But I was fortunate enough to escape. The cloud which bore me descended to within a hundred yards of the earth, and then was hurried along with such velocity and noise, that I perceived we were assisting at a hurricane.

As we neared the earth, the cloud, unable to resist the force of its attraction, was compelled to deliver up its burthen, and down I fell, with such torrents of water, that it reminded me of the deluge. The tornado was now in all its strength. The wind roared and shrieked in its wild fury, and such was its force that I fell in an acute angle.

'What did you fall in?' interrupted the Pasha. 'I don't know what that is.'

'I fell in a slanting direction, your Highness, describing the hypotenuse between the base and perpendicular, created by the force of the wind, and the attraction of gravitation.'

'Holy Prophet! who can understand such stuff? Speak plain, do you laugh at our beards?'

'Min Allah! Heaven forbid! Your servant would indeed eat dirt,' replied Huckaback.

I meant to imply that so powerful was the wind, it almost bore me up, and when I first struck the water, which I did upon the summit of a wave, I bounded off again and ricocheted several times from one wave to another, like the shot fired from a gun along the surface of the sea, or the oyster shell skinned over the lake by the truant child. The last bound that I gave pitched me into the rigging of a small vessel on her beam ends, and I hardly had time to fetch my breath before she turned over. I scrambled up her lends, and fixed myself astride upon her keel.

There I remained for two or three hours, when the hurricane was exhausted from its own violence. The clouds disappeared, the sun burst out in all its splendour, the sea recovered its tranquillity, and nature seemed as if she was maliciously smiling at her own mischief. The land was close to me, and the vessel drifted on shore. I found that I was at the Isle of France, having in the course of twelve hours this miraculously shifted my position from one side of the globe unto the other. I found the island in a sad state of devastation; the labour of years had been destroyed in the fury of an hour—the crops were swept away—the houses were levelled to the ground—the vessels in fragments on the beach—all was misery and desolation. I was however kindly received by my countrymen, who were the inhabitants of the isle, and in four-and-twenty hours we all danced and sang as before. I invented a very pretty quadrille, called the Hurricane, which threw the whole island into an ecstasy, and recompensed them for all their sufferings. But I was anxious to return home, and a Dutch vessel proceeding straight to Marseilles, I thought myself fortunate to obtain a passage upon the same terms as those which had enabled me to quit the West Indies.

We sailed, but before we had been twenty-four hours at sea, I found that the captain was a violent man, and a most dreadful tyrant. I was not very strong, and not being able to perform the duty before the mast, to which I had not been accustomed, I was bent so unmercifully, that I was debating in my mind, whether I should kill the captain and then jump overboard, or submit to my hard fate; but one night as I lay groaning on the fore-castle after a punishment I had received from the captain, which incapacitated me from further duty, an astonishing circumstance occurred which was the occasion, not only of my embracing the Mahomedan religion, but of making use of those expressions which attracted your Highness's attention when you passed in disguise. 'Why am I thus ever to be persecuted?' exclaimed I in despair. As I uttered these words, a venerable personage, in a flowing beard, and a book in his hand, appeared before me, and answered me.

'Because, Huckaback, you have not embraced the true faith.'

'What is the true faith?' inquired I, in fear and amazement.

'There is but one God,' replied he, 'and I am his Prophet.'

'Merciful Allah!' exclaimed the Pasha, 'why, it must have been Mahomed himself.'

'It was so your Highness, although I knew it not at the time.'

'Prove unto me that it is the true faith,' said I.

'I will,' replied he; 'I will turn the heart of the infidel captain, and he disappeared. The next day the captain of the vessel came to me as I lay on the fore-castle, and begging my pardon for the cruelty that he had been guilty of, shed tears over me, and ordered me to be carried to his cabin. He laid me in his own bed, and watched me as he would a favourite child. In a short time I recovered; after which he would permit me to do no duty, but insisted upon my being his guest, and loaded me with every kindness.'

'God is great!' ejaculated the Pasha.

I was lying in my bed, meditating upon these things, when the venerable form again appeared to me.

'Art thou convinced?'

'I am,' replied I.

'Then prove it by submitting to the law the moment that you are able. You shall be rewarded—not at once, but when your faith has been proved. Mark me, follow your profession on the seas, and when once you find yourself sitting in the Divan at Cairo, with two people originally of the same profession as yourself, without others being present, and have made this secret known, then you shall be appointed to the command of the Pasha's fleet, which under your directions shall always meet with success. Such shall be the reward of your fidelity.'

It is now four years that I have embraced the true faith, and sinking under poverty, I was induced to make use of the exclamation that your Highness heard; for how can I ever hope to meet two barbers at the Divan without others being present?

'Holy Prophet! how strange. Why Mustapha was a barber, and so was I,' cried the Pasha.

'God is great!' answered the renegade, prostrating himself. 'Then I command your fleet?'

'From this hour,' replied the Pasha. 'Mustapha, make known my wishes.'

'The present in command,' replied Mustapha, who was not a dupe to the wily renegade, 'is a favourite with the men.'

'Then send for him and take off his head. Is he to interfere with the commands of Mahomed?'

The Vizier bowed, and the Pasha quitted the Divan.

The renegade, with a smile upon his lips, and I Mustapha with astonishment, looked at each other for a few seconds; 'You have a great talent, Selim,' observed the Vizier.

"Thanks to your introduction, and to my own exertions, it will at last be called into action. But I feel, Vener, that I am grateful—you understand—and the venerable quoted the Divine having Mistletoe still in his astonishment.

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, APRIL 13, 1853.

SHAKESPEARE'S JULIET.

One of the peculiar excellencies of Shakespeare's genius is, the facility with which he sketches his female characters. The ambition of Lady Macbeth is only equalled by her determined resolution; all the softness of the woman is lost in the great struggle for her husband's success, and even maternal affection—unconquerable except in the instances of ambition and revenge—is quenched in the all-absorbing efforts to obtain the crown.

In the more tender delineations of feminine character his genius is equally triumphant. The propriety of Juliet's passion for Romeo has been questioned by some writers, and they assert that her love for the Montague is too rapid, and too openly avowed; an opinion which they have founded on the passage—
"If thou think'st I am too quickly won."

But these are cavillings which fade before a sound insight into the character of Shakespeare's writings. As a dramatic poet he has achieved what no man has done before, or since—and in his writings, compared with those of his successors, he has left them, though backed with education and experience, immeasurably behind!

The grand features of his dramas are their accordance with nature; and even his seeming inconsistencies in particular passages, are derived from and explained by this genuine unity.

The character of Juliet, therefore, may be ranked as one of Shakespeare's most perfect delineations,—eminent in feminine loveliness and affection, confident, tender, constant!

The triumph of the actress in the representation of Juliet is—to embody the love she bears to Romeo, with that chaste feeling of maiden delicacy which the bard has evidently intended,—and it is this kindred stamp of genius which gives to the impersonation of Juliet by Miss Kemble an interest the most intense. We follow her in her passion from its dawn;—her, the gentle Juliet! whose life had flowed calm as a summer's lake, till love "threw in his talisman and woke the tide." From the hour when she feels the assurance that she is loved "by him she loves," heart, thought, mind, soul, all are devoted to the nursing of that passion.

In the course of our theatrical experience,—some five-and-twenty years, the representation of this play has frequently invited our attention; but during the whole of this period, though we may have witnessed the impersonations of numerous "fair Capulets," we have never seen as yet but two of Shakespeare's Juliets. Miss Kemble's is the last! and the grace and exquisite delicacy with which she leaves the stage in company with the Friar, and him "whose love's the boundary of her thoughts," is one of her very happiest conceptions.

The character abounds in traits of female loveliness, but which require the promethean touch of genius to elicit their brilliancies; and Miss Kemble, with a success unparalleled in dramatic history, has in this and similar characters given to the bard's creations an interest unknown before. It is this Midcean power alone which can embody the conceptions of the dramatic poet, and not a mere affair of memory. The beauty of Miss Kemble's Juliet arises from the natural graces with which she clothes the part; and the actress who can thus "play up" to nature, evidences talent of no ordinary stamp.

HUMBOLDT'S TRAVELS.—The 54th number of the "Family Library" has been issued by Messrs. Harper. This volume comprises a condensed edition of the researches of the justly distinguished savant, Baron Von Humboldt, in the equinoctial regions of America, and Asiatic Russia, with analyses of his more important investigations. The abridgement is prepared by Mr. Macgillivray, of Edinburgh; and the public are under many obligations to this gentleman for his labours—but, in our estimation, they might, with greater advantage to the reading classes, have been extended to a second, or even a third volume.

From the limited space which Mr. Macgillivray has chosen for the exhibition of his talents, many highly interesting passages from the travels of his author are necessarily omitted—which we the more regret, as the valuable and scientific information contained in the pages of Humboldt cannot be too extensively diffused.

The volume is beautifully executed; and from the diligence displayed by Mr. Macgillivray, we trust hereafter to see an extended and enlarged edition,

concentrating the discoveries of this highly gifted and indefatigable traveller.

"THE LIFE OF A SAILOR," by a Captain in the Navy, and the sixth number of the "Boys' and Girls' Library," containing "UNCLE PHILIP'S CONVERSATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY," by the same publishers, have been received—but want of space prevents our noticing them this week.

"THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,"—"PARLEY'S MAGAZINE,"—We have received the second number of each of the above—all that have come to hand.—These works are well calculated to awaken the attention of the young, and to gratify the curiosity of the more advanced reader. The latter is published by Messrs. Lilly, Watt & Co., Boston; and Colman, Holden & Co., Portland.

MAP OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—Mr. J. Disturnell, of No. 155 Broadway, has published a very neat and useful little Map of the City, with the plans of Brooklyn and Williamsburg. The map is engraved from the drawing of Mr. D. H. Burr, expressly for Mr. Disturnell's forthcoming work, of *New York as it is*, in 1853. It is beautifully executed, and merits the attention of all business men, and strangers.

DARBY DOYLE'S VOYAGE TO QUEBEC.

Darby Doyle was as likely a lad as any one within fifty miles of the Liffy. He had lived in the cabin which his father left him, for two and twenty years; indeed from his birth he had had no other home. Darby was industrious, honest, and quick tempered, but repeated "misfortunes," as they are termed, tho' sometimes arising from our own mismanagement or neglect, will sour the best of tempers, and unsettle those who have been thought the most contented, and such was the case with Darby. To the enterprising, however, the darkest hour yields some hope; and Darby's spirit was of too buoyant a nature to continue long under this state of things. Accordingly he sold off the remains of his little stock, and with the brass in his pocket, he started for the Cove of Cork to look out for a passage to "Amerikay, across the big waters."

On the quay he met with an old playmate, one Ned Flinn, who then held the office of "mate" on board one of the Quebec vessels. Ned desired him to "leave it all to him," and Darby accordingly spent all his passage money in treating his friend. The day came—Darby had no cash, and, after much entreaty, he prevailed on Ned to stuff him down below in an empty barrel, where he lay snug for a month, Ned supplying him with necessities at stolen intervals. The ship was now within three days' sail of Quebec; and Darby desired Ned to furnish him with an empty meal-bag, a bottle, and a bare ham bone, and splash he went into the sea.

We shall now leave our hero to relate his adventures in his own style:

"Well, to be sure, down into the sea I dropt without so much as a splash. Ned roared out with the hoarseness of a brayin' ass—'A man in the sea, a man in the sea.' Every man, woman and child came running up out of the holes, the captain among the rest, who put a long red barrel like a gun to his eye—gibbet me but I thought he was for shootin' me! Down I dived. When I got my head over the wather agen, what should I see but a boat rowin to me as fast as a thout after a pinken. When it came up close enough to be heard, I roared out, 'Bad end to ye, for a set ov spalpeen rascals, did you hear me at last?' The boat now rown 'pon the top ov me; down I dived agen like a duck after a frog, but the minnit my skull came over the wather, I was gript by the scruff ov the neck and drag'd into the boat. 'To be shure I didn't kick up a row; 'Let go my hair, ye blue devils,' I roared, 'it's well ye have me in yer marcy in this dissolute place, or by the powthers I'd make you feel the stringth of my bonee. What hard look I had to follow ye's at all at all—which ov ye is the naasther?' As I sed this, every mother's son began to stare at me, with my bag round my neck, as my bottle by my side, and the bare bone in my fist. 'There he is,' sez they, pointin to a little yellow man in the corner of the boat. 'May he—raise blisters on your rapin-hook shins,' sez I, 'ye yellow lookin monkey, but it's most time for you to think of lettin me into your ship—I'm here plowin and pluggin this month and a great many days to boot, avic—I didn't care a thrautenen, was it not that you have my best Sunday clothes in your ship, and my name in your books. For three thraws, if I do not know how to write, I'd leave my mark, an that on your skull;' so saying, I made a lick at him with the ham bone, but I was near tumblin into the sea agen. 'An pray what's your name, my lad,' sez the captain. 'What's my name! Faith then it's Darby Doyle, that was never afraid or ashamed to own it at home or abroad!'

'An Mr. Darby Doyle,' sez he, 'do you mean to persuade us that you swum from Cork to this aither us?' 'This is more of your ignorance, sez I; 'aye,

an if you sted three days longer, and not take me up, I'd be in Quebec before ye, only my purvisions were out, an the few rags of bank-notes I had, all melted into paste in my pocket, for I hadn't time to get them changed. But stay, wait till I get my foot on shore, there's ne'er a cottoner in Cork if you don't pay for leavin me to the marcy of the waves.'

All this time the blue chaps were pushin the boat with sticks through the wather, till at last she came close to the ship. Every one on board saw me at the Cove, but didn't see me on the voyage; to be shure every one's mouth was wide open, crying out Darby Doyle. 'Oh! stop your troats,' sez I, 'it's now ye can call me loud enough; ye wouldn't shout that way when ye saw me rowlin like a tub in a mill-race the other day forrest your faces.' When they heard me say that, some ov them grew pale as a sheet. But, my jewell, the captain does no more than run to the book, an calls out the names that paid, an them wasn't paid; to be shure I was one ov them that didn't pay. If the captain looked at me before with wonderment, he now looked with astonishment! Nothin was tawk'd ov for the other three days but Darby Doyle's great swim from the Cove to Quebec. One sed, 'I always knew Darby to be a great swimmer.' 'De ye remember,' sez another, 'when Darby's dog was nigh been drownin in the great duck hunt, when he peeled off an brought in his dog, and made aither the duck himself, and swam for two hours endways; and do ye remember when all the dogs gotther round the duck at one time, when it wint down how Darby dived aither it, and sted down amost an hour—and sted below while the creathur was eating a few frogs, for she was weak and hungry; and when every one thought he was lost, up he came with the duck by the leg in his kithogue' (left-hand).

Faith, I agreed to all they sed, till at last we got to Amerikyay. I was now in a quare way; the captain wouldn't let me go till a friend of his would see me. By this time, not only his friends came, but swarms starin at poor Darby. At last I called Ned. 'Ned avic,' sez I, 'I want to go about my bineses.' 'Be aye, Darby,' sez he, 'havin't you your fill of good atin, an the captain's got mighty fond ov ye entirely.' 'Is he, Ned,' sez I, 'but tell us, Ned, are all them crowds ov people goin to sea?' 'Augh, ye omadhaum,' (Mohammedan), sez Ned, 'shure they are come to look at you.' Just as he said this, a tall yellow man, with a black curly head, comes and stares me full in the face. 'You'll know me agen,' sez I, 'bad luck to your manners, and the schoolmaster that taught ye.' But I thought he was goin to shake hands with me, when he tuck hold of my fist and opened every finger one by one, then opened my shirt an look'd at my breast. 'Pull away, mabouchal,' sez I, 'I'm no disarthur at any rate.' But never an answer he med me, but walk'd down into the hole where the captain lived. 'This is more ov it,' sez I, 'Ned, what could that tallah-faced man mean?' 'Why,' sez Ned, 'he was lookin to see if your fingers were web'd, or had ye scales on your breast.' 'His impidence is grate,' sez I, 'did he take me for a duck or a bream. But Ned, what's the meanin ov the boords across the stick the people walk on, and the big white board up there?' 'Why come over and read,' sez Ned. But, my jewell, I didn't know whether I was stannin on my head or on my heels when I saw in great big black letters—'The greatest wonder in the world!! To be seen here a man that beats Nicholas the Diver!!! He has swum from Cork to Amerikyay!!!! Proved on oath by ten of the crew and twenty passengers. Admittance half a dollar.'

'Oh bodder,' sez I, 'does this mean your humble sarvint?' 'Divil another,' sez he—then I jump over to the captain, who was near us. 'Why Darby,' sez he, 'I am after bouldin a wager last night with this gentleman, for all the worth of my ship, that you'll swim against any swimmer in the world; an Darby if you don't do that, I'm a gone man.' 'Augh, give us your fist,' sez I, 'did you ever hear of Paddy's dishaving any man in the European world yet—barra themselves.' 'Well, Darby,' sez he, 'I'll give you a hundred dollars; but Darby you must be to your word, and you shall have another hundred.' So sayin, he brought me down into the cellar; but, my jewell, I didn't think for the life ov me to see such a wonderful place, nothin but gold every way I turned, and Darby's own sweet face in twenty places. I was amost asham'd to ax the gentleman for his dollars. But sez I to myself agen, 'the gentleman has too much money, I suppose he does be throwin it into the sea, for I often heard the sea was richer than the land, so I may as well take it any how.' 'Now, Darby,' sez he, 'here's the dollars for ye.' But it was only a bit of paper he was handin me. 'Arragh, none ov yer tricks upon thravellers,' sez I, 'I had better not that, and many more of them melted in the sea, give me what won't wash out of my pocket.' 'Why, Darby,' sez he, 'this is an order on a marchant for the amount.' 'Pho, pho,' sez I, 'I'd sooner take your word nor his oath,—lookin round mighty respectful at the goold walls.' 'Well, well, Darby,' sez he, 'you

must have the real thing;' so, by the powers of war, he reckoned me out a hundred dollars in goold.—'Now, Darby,' sez he, 'you are a rich man, an you are worthy of it all—sit down, Darby, an take a bottle of wine.' So to please the gentleman I sat down. After a bit, who comes down but Ned. 'Captain,' sez he, 'the deck is crowded, I had to block up the gangway to prevint any more from comin to see Darby. Bring him up or blow me iv the ship won't be sunk.' 'Come up, Darby,' sez the captain, looking roguish pleasant at myself. So he hanc'd me up through the hall as tender as iv I was a lady, or a pound of fresh butter in the dog days. When I got up, shure enough I couldn't help starin; such crowds of fine ladies and gentlemen never was seen before in any ship. One of them, a little rosy cheek'd beauty, whispered the captain somethin, but he shuk his head, an came over to me. 'Darby,' sez he, 'I know an Irishman would do any thing to please a lady.' 'In troth you may say that with your own ugly mouth,' sez I. 'Well then, Darby,' sez he, 'the ladies would wish to see you give a few strokes in the sea.' 'Och an they shall have them in welcome,' sez I. 'That's a good fellow,' sez he. So I made one race, and jump'ten yards into the wather to get out ov their sight. Shure enough every one's eyes danc'd in their head while they lookt on the spot where I went down. A thought came into my head while I was below, how I'd show them a little diversion, as I could use a great many thricks on the wather. So I didn't rise at all till I got on the tother side, and every one ran to that side, then I took a houl't of my two big toes, an making a ring ov myself, rowled like a hoop on the top ov the wather all round the ship. I b'leeve I opened their eyes! Then I yarded back, swum an dived, till at last the captain made signs to me to come out, so I got into the boat, an threw on my duds. The very ladies were breakin their necks runnin to shake hands with me. 'Shure,' says they, 'you are the greatest man in the world!' So for three days I showed off to crowds ov people.

At last the day came when I was to stand the tug. I saw the captain lookin very often at me. At last, 'Darby,' sez he, 'are you any way cow'd? The fellow you have to swim agenst can swim down watherfalls an' catharacts.' 'Can he, avic,' sez I, 'but can he swim up agenst them? Wow wow, Darby for that! But, captain, come now, is all my purvisions ready?—don't let me fall short of a drop ov the rale stuff above all things.' An' who should come up while I was tawkin to the captain, but the chap I was to swim with, an' heard all I sed. By dads! his eyes grew as big as two oyster shells. Then the captain call'd me aside. 'Darby,' sez he, 'do you put on this green jacket an' white thrashers, that the people may bether extinguish you from the other chap.' 'With all hearts, avic,' sez I, 'green for ever!—Darby's own favourite colour the world over; but where am I goin to, captain.' 'To the swimmin place to be shure,' sez he. 'Divil shoot the fallers a' take the hindmost,' sez I, 'here's at you.' I was then introjuiced to the swimmer. I look'd at him from head to foot. He was so tall that he could eat bread an' butter over my head—with a face as yellow as a kite's foot. 'Tip us your mittin, mabouchal,' sez I. (But, by dad! I was puzzled. Sez I to myself, I'm done. Cheer up, Darby! if I'm not able to kill him, I'll frighten the life out ov him.) 'Where are we goin to swim to?' But never a word he answered. 'Are ye bother'd, neighbour?' 'I reckon I'm not,' sez he, mighty chuff. 'Well then,' sez I, 'why didn't you answer your betthers? What id ye think iv we swum to Keep Cleer or the Keep ov Good Hope?' 'I reckon neither,' sez he agen, eyin me as iv I was goin to pick his pockets. 'Well then, have ye any favourite place?' sez I. 'Now, I've heard a great deal about the place where poor Boney died; I'd like to see it, iv I'd any one to show me the place; suppose we wint there.' Not a taste of a word could I get out ov him, good or bad. Off we set through the crowds ov ladies and gentlemen. Such cheerin' an' wavin' ov hats never was seen at Dan's enthy; and then the row ov purty girls laughin' and rubbin' up against me, that I could harly get on. To be shure no one could be lookin to the ground, an' not be lookin' at them, till at last I was thrup't up by a big loomp ov iron stuck fast in the ground, with a big ring in it. 'Whoo! Darby,' sez I, makin' a hop an' a crack of my fingers, 'you're not down yet.' I turn'd round to look at what thrup't me. 'What d'ye call that?' sez I to the captain, who was at my elbow. 'Why, Darby,' sez he, 'that's half an anchor.' 'Have ye any use for it?' sez I. 'Not in the least,' sez he; 'it's only to fasten boats to.' 'Maybe you'd give it to a body,' sez I. 'An welkim, Darby,' sez he, 'it's yours.' 'God bless your honour,' sez I, 'it's my poor father that would pray for you if he was living; but any how it will serve me, as I can tie the horse to the ring while I forge on the other part. Will ye oblige me by gettin a couple ov chaps to lay it on my shoulder when I get into the wather, and I won't have to be comin' for it aither a shake hands with this fellow.'

By dad, the chap turn'd from yellow to white when he heard me say this. And sia he to the gentleman who was walkin' by his side, 'I reckon I'm not fit for the swimmin'-day—I don't feel myself.' 'An' murder an Irish, if your year brother, can't you send him for yourself, an' I'll wait here till he comes. Here, man, take a drop of this before ye go. Here's to your better health, an' your brothers into the bargain.' So I took off my glass, and handed him another; but the never a drop ov it he'd take. 'No force,' siz I, 'avie, maybe you think there's poison in it—well, here's another good look to us. An when will ye be able for the swim, avie,' siz I, mighty complaisant. 'I reckon in another week,' siz he. So we shook hands and parted. The poor fellow went home—took the fever—then began to rave. 'Swim up catharacts!—swim to the Cape of Good Hope!—swim to St. Helena!—swim to Cape Clear!—swim with an anchor on his back—Oh! oh!' I now thought it best to be on the move; so I gather up my winners; and here I sit under my own hickory trees, as independent as any Yankee."

THE DRAMA.

PARK.—The comedy of "The Provoked Husband" on Tuesday evening, afforded another opportunity for the display of Miss Kemble's abilities. The final scene with Lord Townley was admirably played, and elicited deserved applause. The masterly performance of Mr. Kemble as Lord Townley, has been universally acknowledged—it would therefore be superfluous in us to say further than that it was the Lord Townley of the author. Mr. Mason as Manley, was correct in his delivery, but his action did not possess his usual gentlemanly ease: he seemed straitened, and as if his *cont* or the character did not exactly please him. Fisher's Sir Francis was testy and humorous, and smacked of the Munden school: this gentleman improves rapidly. Placide's Squire Richard, and Mrs. Sharpe's Lady Grace, were, as all their performances are, excellent. On the whole, however, though well played, this comedy is not, from its locality, suited to the American public.

In the afterpiece—"The Inquisitive Yankee"—Mr. Hill's Joe Peep, Fisher's Larry, (by the way, this gentleman appears to be good in every line) the dandy Colonel of Richings, and the pert waiting-maid of Mrs. Vernon, kept the house literally in a roar.

RECIPROCAL FORGETFULNESS.—Captain R—n, of this port, who had been from home about a year and a half, wrote to inform his wife that he had arrived in London, and intended to be at Barton, where he wished her to meet him on a certain day, which he named. The lady was punctual to the appointment, and so was the captain. They met at the water side hotel, but strange to say, did not know each other! At length Mrs. R. became restless, frequently going to a window and "peeping out" in the direction of the London road. This the Captain observed for some time in silence, but at last ventured to ask her if she was waiting for any person? "I expect my husband, Captain R—n, will be here every instant," answered the lady. "Bless me!" exclaimed he, "why then you are my wife, but may I be kept here if I knew your colours." The result of the discovery was a friendly kiss and mutual congratulation.—*Hull paper.*

A DILEMMA.—The following example of nicety of conscience is as good a jest as it is a model of truth. Dr. A. Clarke, on being admitted into full connexion, was asked, as usual, certain questions: among other questions always asked before admission, is the following: "are you in debt?" Though rather a whimsical incident, this question was likely to have deeply puzzled and nonplused Mr. Clarke. Walking in the street that morning with another preacher, a poor man asked a halfpenny. Mr. C. had none, but borrowed one from the preacher who was walking with him. That preacher happening to go out of town, he could not see him during the day to repay this small sum. When he stood up with the others he knew not what to say, when the question, *Are you in debt?* should be proposed: he thought "If I say *I am in debt*, they will ask me *how much?* when I say *I owe one halfpenny*, they will naturally suppose me to be a fool. If I say *I am not in debt*, this will be a lie; for I owe one halfpenny, and am as truly under the obligation to pay as if the sum were twenty pounds, and while I owe that I cannot, consistently with eternal truth, say, *I am not in debt.*" He was now most completely within the horns of a dilemma; and which to take he knew not, and the question being put to him before he could make up his mind—"Mr. Clarke, are you in debt?" he dissolved the difficulty in a moment, by answering—*Not one PENNY.*

PORCELAIN.—The first manufactories of porcelain in England were those at Bow, and at Chelsea near London. In these, however, nothing but soft porcelain was made. This was a mixture of white clay and fine sand from Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, to which such a proportion of pounded glass was added as, without causing the ware to soften so as to lose its form, would give it, when exposed to a full red heat, a semi-transparency resembling that of the fine porcelain of China. The Chelsea ware, besides bearing a very imperfect similarity in body to the Chinese, admitted

only of a very fusible lead glaze; and in the taste of its patterns, and in the style of their execution, stood as low, perhaps, as any on the list. The china works at Derby came the next in date; then those of Worcester, established in 1751; and the most modern are those of Coalport, in Shropshire; of the neighborhood of Newcastle, in Staffordshire, and other parts of that county. The porcelain clay used at present in all the English works is obtained in Cornwall, by pounding and washing over the grey disintegrated granite which occurs in several parts of that county; by this means the quartz and mica are got rid of, and the clay resulting from the decomposition of the felspar, is procured in the form of a white, somewhat gritty powder. This clay is not fusible by the highest heat of our furnaces, though the felspar, from the decomposition of which it is derived, forms a spongy milk white glass, or enamel, at a low white heat. But felspar, when decomposed by the percolation of water, while it forms a constituent of granite, loses the potash, which is one of its ingredients, to the amount of about 15 per cent, and with it the fusibility that this latter substance imparts.—*Repository of patent Inventions.*

READINESS IN SPEAKING.

It is extremely vexatious to see the triumphant air of superiority with which the common place carry it at feasts and convivial meetings, over men fifty times beyond them in knowledge and attainments. However shy and retiring an individual may be, he can scarcely hope to glide through life without being now and then hooked in to dine at some grand entertainment; and when he gets his health drunk by accident, he would give all that he is worth as a mathematician, a poet, or an artist, to be able "to say something," (if it were only half-a-dozen poor sentences) without stammering or looking pale. Oh, the horror and trepidation that we have witnessed when some fifty or sixty faces in a public room have turned upon a young rhymester, whose modest labours had been well received by the town—one, too, who could talk by the hour delightfully in colloquy, but whose faculties seemed to desert him during the fearful prelude, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" At length came the speech in an energetic under tone, eloquent, (though nobody heard a word of it) and delivered with a most expressive rocking of the body, and grasping of the edge of the dinner table. The laborious, solemn foolery of speech-making, is carried to too great excess in this country; it substitutes a formal and affected parade for a genial cordiality; it drives early away the modest and nervous, who do not court the dangerous honor of having their health drunk; and it gives the quack, who has been conning his good things for the week past, opportunity to gain the applause of extempore wit. What poor things are the speeches one generally hears—such as are real and *bona fide* made and delivered on the spot! What a tissue of sounding phrases and trite remarks! Yet this is the power which men of genius at once disdain and envy. There are few authors, even of those most rapid in composition, who speak well. Sir Walter Scott seems to have been a tolerable hand, but he was much in public; a prose-man and a party-man, as well as a poet, he could not open his mouth upon a more fertile argument than against the success of the Whigs or Radicals. Byron, it is known, made one attempt in the House of Peers, which he never repeated, failing either through modesty, or from conceit, which is sometimes very much like it, or from want of having his heart in his subject. The difficulty is not to find words where the matter is of urgent interest; at times every man becomes bold and eloquent; and in vindicating a friend against foul aspersions, or in clearing his own character from unfounded charges, the most timid would speak out before the assembled world. Applause or censure of his performance is of small moment to him on such an occasion—he is content to stammer out truths as he finds them; and, earnest in his matter, his manner unconsciously improves. But in getting up a speech for the nonce, at a dinner, for instance, the same man may be grievously baffled. If his health be drunk, he has shrewd misgivings that the company rather propose to themselves amusement at his awkwardness than entertain any serious wishes on the subject of their toast. His thoughts are led a hundred miles astray from the innocuous common places which he ought to utter—to speculate upon the malice of mankind. This leads him to the doctrine of original sin, and he will hardly get back in time for the business in hand, if he suspects any of the party are secretly laughing at him. It is hard that a task which brings no credit when it is well executed, should be so mortifying in the failure. But the confusion of ideas occasioned by the sight of a number of strange human faces, turned upon an individual who feels himself for the first time assuming the oratorical tone, can hardly be conceived by those who are inured to public life. We have known some who want nerve to deliver even the commonest announcement to a crowded assembly; conceive, then, the condition of a man, who, with a great deal of self-love to gratify and dignity to maintain, is conscious of having neither matter nor words, and thus is in imminent danger of committing nonsense. For a glib speech there is no one like your member of a corporation—no reader or thinker, but a diner, a man of large acquaintance, and a perpetual talker. He courts the opportunity of displaying the neatness of his oratory—he is discursive at will, and fears not to wind up at leisure, and much to his own satisfaction. If thinking well may be said to advance the interests of the world, talking well is that which puts the man forward. Manner is the grand secret of the influence and prosperity of some whose intrinsic intellectual merits would place them very low in the

scale of society; and there is no doubt that those talents are by far the most profitable which the possessor can bring instantly into play, and consequently reap the present reward of. The author has to wait months, and sometimes years, for the praise of his cleverness; and in society, either through an unprepossessing person, or an inelegant address, is often totally overlooked. If he have written a romance, the young ladies are not satisfied with him unless he is young, slim, and irreproachable on the score of his whiskers. They are disappointed if he reply to a common question in common language, and cry, "Dear me, can this be Mr. —?" They set him down as a scrub. The professed droll or humorist is one who does not let his wit live on tick. The new joke and its ready payment, the hearty laugh, are almost coexistent; they are like the flash and report of the gun, hardly to be separated by one who is near at hand. Such a person is sure to be well received in society, provided he have good nature as well as fun; and it shall go hard if he want a good post under Government. The young artist may do well who exhibits his own pictures, and can take a hand at whist or part in a quadrille. In short, according to our theory, no one has taken the sure road to prosperity, who confines himself to the simple exercise of a thoughtful and abstracting profession. His art will not be taken into the account of his merit as a companion, which will be settled simply on the foundation of his own address. Ingenious youth ought, therefore, to be taught quickly to put off the *mouraise honte*, and to deliver their sentiments. Every gentleman has in England, let him remember, to superadd to his other acquirements that of a speech-maker; it is a fatal necessity to stammerers, and to those who are not over copious in words, but it is doubtless to be conquered. Sayers will always carry the day against doers. Sheridan is a splendid instance of a man always ruined yet never in want, purely by the force of his tongue. He, it is said, had the persuasive eloquence which could conjure the last guinea out of the pocket. A smug man, of few words, with a *plum* in the funds, it may be thought, is better off than one put to the mean shifts of Sherry; perhaps so—but eloquence, we see, is, in some sort richer.—*L. Atlas.*

Customs of Society.—We lately noticed in the London papers a report of a singular trial for breach of promise of marriage, in which the plaintiff recovered a verdict of three thousand pounds sterling. The damages were laid at 20,000*l.* One of the papers gives the following summary of the case. The parties were Mrs. Margaret Willes, a widow lady, plaintiff, and the Rev. Mr. Gildart, with whom she had been residing for many years in the capacity of house-keeper. The marriage was agreed upon, the dresses and jewels bought, and every arrangement made, when, suddenly, the gentleman deserted the fair one, because he was given to understand that Mrs. W. would not be recognized as his wife among the upper classes, she having long lived in his house as a servant. "Such was the custom of society;" and this was made the principal ground of defence.

Carpet Making.—We have this week seen one of the most beautiful carpets ever made in this country. It is manufactured by Mr. Hanbury of Mirfield, and measures seven yards by six, without a seam; it is made in the same manner as the celebrated carpets made at Tournay, in France entirely by needlework; it is of very great thickness, and has a surface like velvet. The ground-work is a deep purple, and a magnificent pattern, composed of the most beautiful flowers, in colours at once brilliant and delicate, is worked upon it. We have never seen so tasteful or splendid a manufacture of the kind; the price of the carpet is eighty guineas, and it is already sold. Mr. Hanbury is likely to raise the Yorkshire carpet manufacture to great eminence; we learn that these carpets, though vying with the French in beauty and durability, can be afforded for less than half their price.—*Leeds Mercury.*

Parliamentary applause.—During one of the finest passages delivered by Macready in *Iago*, at Drury Lane, the other night, a worthy Member of the House of Commons, sitting in the dress boxes, thinking that he was listening to a speech instead of a play, called out, at the top of his voice, "Hear, hear!" much to the astonishment and diversion of the audience.—*Land. pap.*

The Cholera, at the latest accounts from Havana, was raging with great severity. A letter, dated 9th March, published in the Boston Daily Advertiser, gives the history of the disease up to that date as follows.

"The malignant cholera has at length commenced its ravages in Havana. Rumors of its being here were in circulation on the 27th ult.; and they were confirmed on the 28th by the occurrence of 30 cases. The Governor and Intendant, who have almost absolute control over all the concerns of the city, presuming that the treasury would suffer by the prevalence of a malignant disease, issued a bulletin, stating that the cholera was not in Havana. On the 31st inst. the physicians were requested to make their appearance at the Governor's house, to refute or confirm the reports in circulation. Seventy five or a hundred attended. Having received an invitation, I was present; and from the remarks that were made, no doubts were left in my mind of the existence of the cholera in this place. From that time to the present, the number of cases has been increasing daily. I have been informed by good authority that from 75 to 130 have been in-

terred daily for the last four or five days. I have seen several cases, most of which had the symptoms characteristic of the disease, as I witnessed it in Boston the last season.

Thus far, four-fifths of the cases were among the blacks. A dozen or more have occurred among the English and American seamen in the harbor. The greater part of all the cases prove fatal;—consequently the vulgar say that the physicians are killing them. The disease has made sad work in one of the large hospitals, or rather almshouse—or still more properly, *Black Hole*, carrying off 30 persons in one night. I fear it has not yet arrived at its height. Two other hospitals, one of which contains 500 miserable inmates, who are compactly stowed in ill-ventilated and filthy apartments, remain to be swept. In one room I saw 75 persons half covered with filthy blankets. Wishing to know what was doing at the burial-ground, I went out to it a few days since. While I remained there, which was about twenty minutes, two loads of bodies were interred. They were unincumbered by coffins or winding-sheets. The naked corpses were thrown into graves and trodden down; the graves being filled level with the surface, say five to eight in each grave. The Governor published an order a few days since for the dirt carts to suspend taking filth from the streets, and remove dead bodies to the cemetery. Great panic prevails here. Almost every person in the street has a bag of camphor at his nose. Brandy is drunk in large quantities, as it is considered by the populace a sure preventive of the disease. Houses are closed, the owners having gone into the country;—streets are deserted in a great degree;—no private carriages to be seen.—little business doing.

Whence came the Cholera? Some say it came from Mobile, in pine timber, some three or four weeks or months since; others say it was brought from Africa in a Guineaman. The fact is, judging from what I can learn, they can trace it to no other place. The first case was that of a drunkard in the interior of the city."

The Baltimore Gazette, on the authority of advices by a vessel which left Havana on the 21st of March, says—"From the 21st of February till the 24th of March, five thousand (1000 whites, and 4000 blacks) had died of the disease—and on the day before the sailing of the Fan-Fan, 500 persons are stated to have been taken off, and nearly the same number had been buried each day for several days previously. The Captain General has issued an order, that all the artillery shall be fired at sunrise each day, in the hope of purifying the atmosphere. The Board of Health of Havana have issued an order prohibiting the sale, by the apothecaries, of any medicines under the name of specifics for the cure of the Cholera. Several of the apothecaries have offered to furnish medicines gratis to the poor. The Superintendents of the Hospitals make the same complaints which were urged in this country, as to the patients being brought to the Hospitals in the last stage of the disorder, and absolutely incurable."

A letter of the 23d is quoted thus—"The Cholera is making such ravages among our population that business is almost entirely suspended, and the clerks in commercial houses, brokers, cartmen, launchmen, and day-laborers are unwilling to work. Our daily list of deaths, publicly known, falls not short of 500, but it is supposed that the number is greater. Strangers are not permitted to go outside the walls, lest they should discover the mortality. One individual has lost 50 out of 200 slaves, and nearly the whole black population has been attacked."

To the preceding melancholy statements, we add the following letter from our own correspondent.

"Statement of the Burials in the Campo Santo alone, the principal Burying Ground:

| March 10 | 137 in all | 29 whites |
|----------|------------|------------|
| 11 | 153 | 39 |
| 12 | 137 | 40 |
| 13 | 141 | 41 |
| 14 | 140 | 33 |
| 15 | 181 | 41 |
| 16 | 177 | 39 |
| 17 | 176 | 64 |
| 18 | 266 | 75 |
| 19 | 235 | not known. |
| 20 | 227 | |
| 21 | 235 | |
| 22 | 333 | |
| | 2538 | |

Numbers of negroes have died on various estates, on some as many as 40 or 50. Very little business doing at present. Many of the inhabitants have left the city. The statement above does not include soldiers, or any of the other burial grounds, where the interments are probably much greater than the above number."

It is not ascertained whether the *malady* had reached Matanzas—the accounts differ.

Cholera.—Accounts from Gallatin, Tenn., represent that several cases of the disease had occurred within ten or fifteen miles of that place, about one-half proving fatal. It still prevailed about Franklin, La. at the close of February.

Cholera in Ireland.—The following show the state of this disease in Ireland for the week ending the 8th of February:—New cases, 536; deaths, 305; recoveries, 196. The deaths now far exceed the recoveries, which has not latterly been the case. The places at which the disease most prevails are Tralee, Kilmagill, Castlepollard, Killoughter, Kilkenny, and Hebertstown.—*Land. pap.*

claimed in agony, 'I know it—you go to assassinate!' Stapps, greatly alarmed by the near discovery of his fatal secret, caught her in his arms and covered her blanched and quivering lips with fervid kisses—then uttered a wild farewell, and rushed out of her presence. He waited not a moment, but, bounding on the ready charger at the door, sped at a furious gallop towards Vienna.

Yes, it was in the splendid capital of the Western Empire, which never before had witnessed a hostile prince within its walls,* that the conquering Napoleon had quartered the legions of France; and from the very palace of Schonbrunn had announced to Europe the degradation of his rival.

When Stapps, from the heights of Rosenberg, beheld that poetic scene, described by every tourist as unrivalled, where a vast extent of the richest territory, bounded only by the Alps and distant kingdoms, is crowned by the gorgeous city of the German Cæsars, which seems to rise like a Queen from amid the waters of the lordly Danube, whose golden tide rolls beneath the eye through storied scenes of enchanting beauty till they melt in distance; he felt a bursting joy that his arm was soon to strike the blow which would dash the insulting tri-colour from those glittering domes, and restore the fertile scenes before him to happiness and peace. He soon arrived in Vienna, and learned, to his mortification, that the French Emperor would not be seen in public for at least a week, when he was expected to review his whole army on the plains of Schonbrunn.

Early on the morning of the 23d October the determined Stapps, having previously provided himself with a petition to present the Emperor, accompanied the thousands who thronged to see the imposing pageant. Fully determined upon his purpose, he pushed on to the height which the Emperor was expected to occupy, and there had leisure to witness a spectacle more magnificent than ever the monarchs of the ancient world had power to assemble. The vast plain was covered with near two hundred thousand men, superbly equipped, and exhibiting in their regulated movements an example of that perfect discipline which had rendered the French soldiers the conquerors of Europe. At the command of the reviewing officers the whole of the vast body retreated and advanced as if their motions were the simultaneous result of some stupendous engine. Stapps forgot every thing but admiration as he marked the consummate regularity of the extended evolutions. But every other feeling was soon centered in the absorbing object of his soul, when the Emperor himself, accompanied by a brilliant staff of the sword-enobled warriors, who had filled the world with their renown, galloped on the field. Never was scene so calculated to impress the mind with the greatness of a single man. The instant he approached the music of ten thousand instruments swelled upon the air, in the sublime strains of the national anthem, which the first musician in the world had composed to celebrate his praise.† As he rode rapidly along the saluting files, the uncovered officers stepped forward, and the golden eagles of the several corps were lowered to the ground, in glorious homage to the exalted genius who had so often led them on to victory. The celebrated man, who was the soul and centre of the mighty mass of movements, proceeded through every square, and cohort, and battalion, with the calm and regardless air of one accustomed to habitual reverence, and himself the most simply dressed of all the decorated thousands round; but that very plainness giving a splendour to his authority, more touching and more palpable than all the gorgeous trappings of impotent magnificence. When he stopped his horse within a few paces of the spot where Stapps was standing, the whole soul of the enthusiast awoke to an awful sense of the supreme importance with which for that mighty moment he was invested by his character of assassin, when he looked upon the sublime array around, stretching in glittering files into distance—the air vibrating with the clangor of pealing music and the thunder of artillery, and the sunbeams flashing in ten thousand bursts of light from the accoutrements of the countless warriors before him—he felt an overpowering sense of the destiny slumbering in his arm, and, though he did not shrink or feel the less determined, a mist of confusion covered his faculties, and he lost all commanding consciousness in the idea that every eye was centered on his movements.

Napoleon was too deeply engaged in conversation with the Prince of Neuchâtel and General Rapp to be easily approached, and Stapps, trembling between anxiety to accomplish his object, and fear lest he should be unable, displayed an air so confused, that he attracted the notice of the chief of the staff, who ordered him to deliver his petition to Rapp, aid-de-camp for the day. This was the moment for the Burschen's dagger. 'I want the Emperor—I want Napoleon,' he cried with eagerness, and drawing out the glittering weapon, he rushed forward to plunge it in his victim's heart. The powerful arm of Berthier stayed in an instant the threatened blow; and the next moment,

pinioned, and a prisoner, the disappointed regicide was conducted by two officers of *gens d'armes* off the field. It was then in the inevitable reality of his fate, that the visions of fanatical enthusiasm, which thronged his mind since the interview with the Duke of Rohdstadt, were dissipated first and for ever; but a sterner feeling took their place. Then, and then only, he paused to reflect upon the dashed and ruined prospects of happiness he had dared to build. He felt that the bond which connected him with the haughty and unfeeling duke was, by his failure, not only severed, but would render him an object of unceasing hatred to that powerful and malicious man; and, most of all, when he thought of Louisa, the beautiful, the pure, and compared her with himself, a guilty and degraded wretch, he resolved, in the reckless composure of complete despair, to court and to meet a fate which would be forever an atonement to himself for his love, and to the world for his guilt.

Fortified by these angry reflections, when he was left alone in the solitary prison of the castle, he gave way to no feeling but absolute resignation. He took from his bosom the miniature of the princess—and he threw the purse given by her father on the bed beside it: in the gold he saw a pledge of the dark intrigue in which the detested duke lighted him to destruction with the torch of hope, and in the other a memorial of the fondest affection which ever blessed a mortal; and he gazed at them alternately, with silent but with pungent feelings. His warm love predominated: he pressed the miniature to his lips. 'Yes,' said he, all the fervor of his early recollections thronging on his mind, 'yes, thou dearest, thou most perfect of created intelligences! I will not disgrace the sacredness of thy love with the contamination of my guilt;—I will expiate my guilt; and thou shalt never know any thing of Frederick Stapps but his pure and his devoted love.' He was interrupted by the opening of his prison-door, and two general officers entered. The grand cord of the legion of honor, on the breast, proclaimed their superior rank. They were Duroc, Duke of Friuli, and grand master of the palace, and Rapp, aid-de-camp of the Emperor. They seemed struck with his appearance—that finely formed countenance, those intellectual features had about them nothing of the assassin—and contemplated his employment a moment in silence. At length Rapp asked him in German, 'What is your name?' Stapps had made up his mind. 'I'll tell it only to the Emperor.' 'What did you intend to do with the dagger found upon you?' 'That I will tell only to Napoleon.' 'Did you mean to assassinate him?' 'I did,' returned Stapps, with peculiar emphasis. 'Why?' 'I will tell it only to himself.' He found the opportunity he wished. Napoleon, informed by the generals of his stern avowal, and his calm determination, ordered the young enthusiast to be brought before him in his closet. He was conducted thither by Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo. It was a large room, very richly furnished; at a table, covered with a cloth of crimson and gold, and on which lay a number of papers, sat the Emperor. He was dressed in the simple uniform of the national guard, forever immortalized by his use, and different from the splendid dignitaries of the empire around, who were covered with decorations, he wore only on his breast the eagle star which had blazed in victory on an hundred fields. Stapps, awed by the presence of the majesty of the man's unrivalled genius, bowed low as he entered. Napoleon gave him one of those searching glances, as if he would read into his soul, of which his piercing eye was so capable; but his calm and unimpassioned countenance was slightly disconcerted when he saw his look returned by an eye haughty as his own. '*Parlez vous Français?*' said he, in a rapid tone. '*Tres peu, Monseigneur,*' was all the answer. The Emperor seemed disappointed, and desired Rapp to interrogate him in German. 'What is your name?' said the general. 'Frederick Stapps.' 'Where were you born?' 'In Naumburg.' 'What is your father?' 'A Protestant minister.' The Emperor seemed still more dissatisfied and uneasy: he continued eyeing the prisoner some time, taking large pinches of snuff—his constant practice when greatly irritated. He at length said, with a searching look, 'You are mad, young man!—You are an *Illuminato*.' The countenance of Frederick betrayed no emotion. 'I am not mad,' he replied; 'I know not what is meant by an *Illuminato*.' 'You are sick then,' said the Emperor, determined to assign a reason, if he could not force one from his prisoner. 'I am not sick,' returned Stapps, resolved neither to give him any satisfaction nor a clue to find it; 'on the contrary, I am in good health.' Napoleon, extremely disconcerted, continued, 'Why, then, did you wish to assassinate me?' 'Because,' said the modern Brutus, 'you have caused the misfortunes of my country.' 'Have I done you any harm?' returned the Emperor, in a conciliatory tone, as if endeavoring to soften down his sternness. 'No more harm to me than to all Germans.'

The Emperor was greatly disconcerted by the firmness of the undaunted youth. How singular is the composition of the human mind. The brightest intellects seem formed of extremes. Napoleon the Great, who chained victory to his car, and added a fifth great monarchy to the lists of history, saw at that moment how feeble was the adhesion of the mighty fabric he had raised, and trembled in the presence of a fanatical stripling, as he thought how near his arm had been dashing the whole to pieces. He remained silent and thoughtful for a time; and, as if thinking upon Alexander's generals, he seemed to cast a distrustful glance on the powerful and ambitious chiefs who were standing confounded and amazed beside him, and then, as if willing to rid his mind of its apprehensions, by ex-

torting from the youth that he had some other instigation than the ferid patriotism he had avowed, he addressed him again. 'You are a wild enthusiast,' said he; 'you will ruin your family. I am willing to grant your life if you ask pardon for the crime which you intended to commit, and for which you ought to be sorry.' 'I will ask no pardon for an attempt, as to which my only regret is that it did not succeed.' The young man stood still, his countenance calm, but evincing an iron resolution. Napoleon's glance evidenced vexation rather than anger at such, to a monarch, terrible avowal. He asked harshly, as if wishing to extort the motive to which he wished of all others to ascribe his attempt, 'By whom were you sent? Who instigated you to this crime?' 'Nobody,' said Stapps, with firmness; 'I determined to take your life, from the conviction that I should thereby render the greatest service to my country and to Europe.' The fine, statue like features of the Emperor grew colorless as he became absorbed in thought. He wished, in the presence of his generals, to place the attempt of the assassin to any other cause but that which he avowed; and continued his examination much to their surprise. 'Is this the first time you ever saw me?' 'No,' said Stapps, 'I saw you at Erfurt at the time of the interview,' and his recollection of the dark truth of the southsayer's prediction, so terribly different from the interpretation of his brilliant hopes, overcast his countenance with the first gloom he had evinced during the conversation. Napoleon, with a characteristic quickness, observed his emotion, and asked, 'Did you then intend to assassinate me?' 'No—no,' said the youth, partly overcome by the far different recollections that it was to him he was indebted for his memorable interview with Louisa, 'I was then one of your warmest admirers.' 'What then induced you to attempt my life?' 'Destiny,' said Stapps, in a moment of forgetfulness caused by the warm rush of his associations; but instantly recollecting himself, he added, 'and the hope of relieving my country from a tyrant.' 'I tell you again,' said Napoleon, in a tone of irritation, 'you are either mad or sick.' 'Neither one nor the other,' said Stapps. But the Emperor, as if to force a corroboration of the only thought that gave him ease, ordered Cervisart, his physician, to be called. 'Feel that young man's pulse,' said he, 'he is deranged.' As the finger of the physician touched his wrist he looked at him with much interest and curiosity; but he saw nothing in his countenance that spoke of madness, and felt nothing in his pulse that indicated disease. Stapps, as he watched the physician's countenance, exclaimed, in a triumphant tone, as the doctor remarked to his majesty, 'He is in good health.' 'I told you so: nothing whatever ails me.' The Emperor, in his complete discomposure, applied frequently to his snuff-box, and walked with his hands behind him thoughtfully up and down the apartment; but with the consummate knowledge of human nature, for which he was remarkable, he tried to obtain information for which he wished by taking his mysterious prisoner in another and unguarded point. 'Whose portrait is that which you wear around your neck?' Even here the firmness of Stapps did not give way. But had his feelings not been locked in the desperation of despair they must have melted at an appealing question which still stirred his heart; yet he strove to master his feelings, and replied with a coldness he could but ill assume, 'It is the portrait of a young lady to whom I am attached.' Napoleon observed the innate struggle as he spoke, and probed him deeper on the point. 'She will be very much distressed to hear of the unhappy situation in which you are placed.' But Stapps had recovered his self-possession. 'She will regret to hear that I have not succeeded: she detests you as much as I do.'

The Emperor, utterly disconcerted, tried him once more on the innate love of life, inherent in every heart. 'Would you not be grateful if I were to pardon you?' 'I would not,' said Frederick, now aroused to the full value of death to him; 'I would only attempt it again if I were able.'

Napoleon was confounded. The student's youth—his firmness—his determination—made a deep impression on his mind. He ordered the prisoner to be led away; and though he strove, he was unable to obliterate the uneasy sensations from his mind which this extraordinary scene had caused. That attempt at assassination, futile as it was, opened his mind, by its daring and reckless character, to the volcano on which he stood, and made him feel almost the bloody fruit of an hundred battles melt from his grasp before the more pervading influence of the young enthusiasm and public opinion he had arrayed against his ambition and himself. He entered into a deep conversation with his generals on this subject; and insisted it was the '*Illuminato*' who were at the bottom of the whole. The generals departed; and the Emperor, when alone, strove to banish the mastering uneasiness which this adventure had conjured up within him—but he was unable. He knew strong political enemies to his power were in existence, and he despised them; but he never dreamt that the innate workings of a nation's pride could arouse a spirit so daring as the young student had just evinced; and he chose, even in spite of his conviction, rather to fasten the imputation on some of his royal foes—the defeat of whose machinations would only seat him firmer in his empire—than place it to the influence of a power which, unseen and unsubdued, was mighty enough to make him shake and tremble on his lofty throne. In the perturbation of his spirit he called back his aid-de-camp. 'Rapp,' said he, 'the event of this morning is very extraordinary. This attempt arises from the plots of Weimar and of Jena. If I could fix on its

authors, I would seize them in the very midst of their court.' 'No, Sire,' returned the intelligent general, 'none of your majesty's political opponents have instigated this; it is only the eccentric outburst of the fanatical enthusiasm so prevalent in Germany.' 'No, no,' said the Emperor, rapidly, 'I can never believe that this youth, a German, well educated, respectable, and a Lutheran, would ever attempt such a crime as this, from the sole excitement of national wrong. No, Rapp,' said he, 'these women—women are capable of any thing'—and he dashed a paper, which in his excitement he had been tearing into little pieces, angrily on the table, and walked up and down the apartment in great agitation. At last he stopped suddenly, and said with energy, 'Rapp, let him die.' His conduct at the last stage of existence will solve the riddle—his demeanor then will show whether he is an enthusiast or an assassin. Report me the proceedings.'

But Stapps was not the one whose conduct in such a time could display any equivocal symptoms. Those who have ever felt the destruction of some cherished hope and experienced the withering sterility of the heart which follows, may conceive with what feelings he looked upon a life from which every ray of joy had been excluded, and which, had its perpetuity been his own, would have imaged forth nothing but darkness on his reason, and desolation on his senses. Yet still there is an agency in the efforts of expiring consciousness which gifts the intellect, ere it is obscured forever, with the momentary firmness of its brightest efforts. It was this which endowed the student with the calmness which had enabled him to elude and baffle the well-founded suspicions of Napoleon, and secured for him and his lofty patriotism, the pity, and even admiration of his generals. This feeling was increased, when Rapp, in pursuance of his instructions, learned from the orderly who attended him, that he had utterly refused all sustenance since his confinement; and the general, touched by his heroism, resolved to make an effort to have him saved. He found him seated in his lonely room, gazing upon that portrait whose associated recollections had become organized in his heart; and his beautiful countenance, though pale with fasting, wore an expression of deep interest which affected the general with the sincerest sympathy. 'Young man,' said he, in a conciliating tone, 'why do you not take some sustenance? I shall be strong enough to walk to the place of execution,' was all the answer the prisoner vouchsafed to give. Not discouraged, he asked again, 'Why did you not express some contrition to the Emperor, and save a life which must have proved a joy to some?' Stapps smiled in bitterness: 'I detest my life—it is worthless now since I have survived your Emperor.' 'But what could have induced you to embark in such an enterprise, infamous in its success, and destructive in its failure?' 'Myself,' returned the youth, with all his energy; 'I have failed, and I am content to suffer even the glorious penalty of the attempt, when success would have conferred, not the disgraceful celebrity of Erastus, but the universal homage of the deified Aristogiton.' 'But,' said the generous officer, still endeavouring to win him back to reason—

'But!' returned Stapps, with a tone of haughty coldness; 'I want no arguments. It is your duty to command my death—it is sufficient for me that I am ready.' The general left him with manifest reluctance; and with regret he was unable to conceal, gave the order for his execution; and, willing to afford him every comfort which his uncompromising reserve would admit of, he directed a clergyman, of the persuasion he had avowed himself, to inform him of his fate. In the conscious hours of closing life there is an indefinite something which makes the spirit shrink within itself as if in dread of its approaching change, and leaves a sense of loneliness and weakness in the boldest heart, which no feeling of earth can fill; and thus Frederick, though at first distrustful and reserved, soon gave way to the winning kindness of a man who strove to wean him from a world he so bitterly detested; and having first charged the minister to secrecy by the solemn adjuration of a dying man, he told him all the history of his early and devoted love—of its pure and warm return—of his fearful initiation in the vaults of the Burschen—the proposal of the Duke—the manner in which he had deceived Napoleon and his officers in the idea of his being a self-instigated enthusiast, and his determination never to reveal the real cause which made him attempt the assassination. The good man was affected even to tears by the recital. But the doomed prisoner grew only more nervously animated, and concluded the story with a bitterness which struck the clergyman with awe. 'Yes, I have deceived them all—I envy not Napoleon on his throne of prostrate nations. I have been instigated by the wretches he suspects—but!—the reward—and he pressed the picture to his heart. 'It was base to mingle such a purity of recompense with the foul transaction. The world shall live in its illusion. Let my name go down the stream of time as a fanatic and an assassin—but, oh! do you tell my ever dear Louisa that I die the victim only of my love.' He could not weep; but like the petrified droppings of the cave, the tears, which his frozen feelings refused to anguish and despair, fell cold and dreary on his heart; and he remained, in spite of all the endeavours of the worthy minister, resolute in his refusal of every comfort.

The following day the officers found Stapps weak and wasted, but as haughty and as proud as ever. When they led him out to meet his fate, the fresh air of a lovely autumnal morning, as it breathed upon his emaciated features, revived the sinking life within

*The capture of Vienna by the Turks, in 1683, was, it is well known, prevented by the terrible battle under its walls, in which they were totally defeated by John Sobieski, king of Poland.

†Vive l'Empereur, by Haydn, which Napoleon had composed in emulation of the celebrated English anthem, 'God save the King'; and, while it is more effective as a musical composition, it fully equals the sublime simplicity and beauty of the admired original, which was given him for a model.

‡In this circumstance I have preferred following the story of Sir Walter Scott. All the other particulars of this extraordinary attempt are taken from the accurate Memoirs of General Rapp, who was a witness of the whole transaction.

him but only added firmness to his step, and fierceness to his look. When he arrived at the place of execution, he surveyed the few and fearful preparations for his death with an undimmed eye. As he passed the file of soldiers, who, resting on their grounded arms, viewed him with interest and compassion, he shouted "Germany for ever!"—and he walked up to the open grave, and kneeling down beside his empty coffin, said, even joyously, "I am ready." The provost-marshal did not let him suffer long from the torture of delay. He refused to let his eyes be bandaged; and when he heard the word "Make ready!" he shrieked "Liberty for ever!"—Present! he shouted "Death to the tyrant!"—but at the fatal "Fire!" his hand instinctively clasped the cherished portrait closer to his heart—and if the name of Louis trembled on his lips, the loud report which followed, and the simultaneous gush of his life-blood, prevented his ever being heard.

The moral of this wondrous story will be found in history. The ineffective attempt of that visionary student produced a marked influence upon the politics of Europe.

Believing himself under the control of that restless destiny which had elevated him from the peasant's lot to the throne of the Bourbons, and a Caesar's sway, Napoleon's mind was deeply tinged with superstition; and the startling vision of the assassin's dagger at his heart, eclipsed the conqueror's mind with a spectral darkness in his full blaze of glory.

What stayed the victor's arm when his helpless foe was prostrate at his feet?—what loosened the iron bands of the continental system, when the terrible power to enforce it was more dread than ever?—and, could we dive deeper into the secret springs of cause, we might ask—what allied the Corsican subaltern with a daughter of the house of Hapsburg? and answer—It was the bloodless dagger of the Erfurt student.*

Then, among the mighty influences of unrecorded destiny, what name is more pregnant with stupendous thought than Frederick Staps? and what history will excite a deeper wonder than the reckless attempt of the noble but unfortunate Stock-am eisen?

ORATIONS.

* Rapp's Memoirs perfectly justify us in ascribing the unusual moderation of Napoleon at the treaty of Schœnbrunn—and even the subsequent events—to the effect produced upon his mind by the attempt of Staps. That intelligent officer describes it as most impressive. For many days he remained thoughtful and reserved, frequently recurring to the subject, and making many inquiries as to its probable causes, as produced by the tenor of his administration.

St. Paul's Church, Norfolk, Va.—What were but lately the walls and roof of the venerable Parish Church, erected a century ago, with all the evidences of primeval simplicity, are now the exteriors of a beautiful furnished church, for the use of the Protestant Episcopal denomination, its original founders.

The building was consecrated a few days since and is occupied by a congregation under the care of the Rev. Mr. Boyden.

The Charleston Courier of the 27th ult. describes in terms of high gratification a visit made on board the U. S. ship Natchez. It afforded us much pleasure, says the Editor, to observe individuals of both parties mingling, with perfect harmony, in the festive scene, and sharing the equal hospitality of their hosts.

"We regret to say that our visit to the Natchez is likely to prove a farewell one, as she will drop down to the Roads this morning, and to-morrow set sail for Norfolk. Gallant ship! we bid you God speed wherever you move on the waters of the mighty deep—may you ever be blessed with auspicious gales, and long continue to bear aloft, in pride and triumph, the Star Spangled Banner of your united country."

Mr. G. H. Hill of the Park Theatre has offered a premium of \$400 for the best Comedy in five Acts, of native production, the principal character to be that of a "Yankee." The competitors must hand in their manuscripts by the first of May.

Agricultural School.—A report has been made in the Senate of this State, in favor of establishing a State Agricultural School, of which report we find in the following abstract in the papers. The funds are to be obtained by raising stock to the amount of \$100,000, at 5 per cent, payable in 20 years, and selling the same at auction. No one to be admitted under 14 years of age. Three commissioners to be appointed to purchase a farm and contract for the erection of suitable buildings for 200 pupils. The Governor and Senate to appoint seven trustees, to manage the concerns of the institution, who shall appoint a principal, teachers and overseers, and employ the necessary laborers and assistants, and to prescribe, with the advice of the principal, the police and regulations of the school.

At the Annual Commencement of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city, on the 2d inst. 36 gentlemen were admitted to the degree of Doctor of Medicine. After the degrees were conferred, the Graduates were addressed by the President, Dr. I. Aug. Smith, on the duties and responsibilities of their profession.

The annual Commencement of the South Carolina Medical College took place at Charleston on the 8th inst. The premium of the Silver Cup was adjudged to Dr. L. Reeve Sams, of Beaufort, S. C. Thirty-one gentlemen were graduated as Doctors of Medicine.—Geo. paper.

Interments in New York.—The City Inspector reports the death of 105 persons during the week ending on the 6th inst. viz: 28 men, 25 women, 31 boys, and 18 girls. Of these there died by consumption 31, by convulsions 8, dropsy in the head 7, drowned 3, peripneumony 6.

DEATH.—The Law School at Cambridge and the legal profession at large, have met with a heavy loss in the death of John Hooker Ashmun, Esq., Royal Professor of Law in Harvard University, who died suddenly on Monday morning. He had for some time suffered from a pulmonary disorder, but had within a few days appeared in our Court, and was expected by his physician to have been able to go out yesterday. He had the reputation of profound learning, and high hopes were entertained of his approaching distinction. But death has laid low these expectations.—East. Mer. Jour.

Charles Diddin the eldest son of the celebrated Song writer, died in the Rules of the King's Bench London, 25th January.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 3d, Mr Thomas Treadwell, merchant of Albany, to Miss Camilla M Bryan, of this city.
On the 2d, Mr George N Franklin, to Miss Catherine Bernie.
On the 4th, Mr Edward Bill, to Miss Margaret R Everingham.
On the 4th, Mr Wm Hubbell, to Miss Mary Selleck.
On the 3d, Captain Shurlane Sears, to Miss Caroline Johnson.
On the 3d, Mr James Millar, to Miss Louisa Riley.
On the 4th, Mr D Walker, (of the firm of Gish & Walker) to Miss Mary Ann Gish.
On the 5th, Mr James Robinson, to Miss M Stewart.
On the 21st, Mr Joseph Gutman, to Miss M E Miller.
On the 6th, Mr Benjamin Dubois, to Miss Ann Gibson.
On the 4th, Mr Ira Carpenter, to Miss Sarah E Lloyd.
At Brooklyn, on the 2d, Mr Thomas F Richards, to Miss Harriet H Brinckerhoff, both of that place.
At Albany, on the 2d, Mr Edward E Barker, of New York, to Miss Rebecca Siskel, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 5th, Captain James White, of Indian River, Dela, aged 52.
On the 6th, Mrs Martha Rodgers, aged 55.
On the 5th, Miss Ann Lamb, aged 90.
On the 2d, Mr Richard S Clark, aged 57.
On the 30th ult, Mr Levi Chandler, aged 42.
On the 3d, Mr Jacob C Mott, Inspector of the Customs, aged 64.
On the 3d, Mrs Anna McVicker, aged 73.
On the 3d, Mrs Mary Ann Hearn.
On the 3d, Mr William Odell.
On the 2d, Mr John Henry Hagner, aged 23.
On the 1st, Mrs Hester Barnard, aged 46.
On the 5th, Captain Benjamin Brower, aged 60.
On the 7th, Mr Archibald Nisbet, aged 40.
On the 7th, Mr James Duane, aged 38.
On the 6th, Mr J J Sauter, (of the firm of Hess and Sauter).
On the 6th, Mrs Sylvia Dewey, aged 44.
In Norfolk, Va., on the 2d, Mr Wm Mix, of this city, aged 28.
At Washington, on the 30th, Mr Wm Kerr, printer, aged 42. He was a native of Boston, but for the last fifteen years had been employed in the office of the National Intelligencer.
At Newbern, NC, on the 22d ult, Mr Edward Graham, formerly of this city, aged 69.
At Chillicothe, Ohio, Mr Robert Kercheval, Editor and Proprietor of the Scioto Gazette, aged 45.

HUDSON & NEW YORK STEAM TRANSPORTATION LINE.

Hudson Tow-boat Co's Barge No. 1 (Capt. Peter G Coffin), and Barge No. 2 (Capt. John F. Haviland), will leave Hudson and New York alternately through the season, on the following days:
From Hudson—Fridays at 4 o'clock P. M., from their wharf south of the ferry.
From New York—Saturdays at 5 P. M. from the foot of Liberty street, North River, between Cortlandt street and Albany basin.

To be towed by the steamboat LEGISLATOR, Captain J. B. Coffin—for freight and passengers.
The steamboat Legislator will make one trip in each week without her barge, for light freight and passengers, viz: From Hudson, Tuesdays at 4 o'clock, P. M.; and from New York, Wednesdays at 5 P. M.

Towing will be taken by the Legislator if required. The barges will at all times be open for the accommodation of boarders in New York, as heretofore.
April, 1833. JOHN POWER, Agent.

CITY HOTEL, HUDSON, N. Y.

(Formerly Bryan's.)

ABEL BOUTWELL, having taken the Establishment, begs leave to inform the former Patrons of the house and persons travelling to and from this city, that it is in complete order for the reception of those who may honour him with a call. It is pleasantly situated and in the vicinity of the business part of the city, and he will provide all the variety the market affords, and to those who may patronize him, he assures that neither personal attention nor expense shall be wanting to give satisfaction. This Hotel stands but a short distance from the Steam Boat wharf, carriages on attendance at the arrival of Steam Boats to convey passengers to this house. The Stage office for Lebanon Springs and Pittsfield is adjoining, and but a few doors from the Post Office. ca—3m
Hudson, April 1833.

LEECHES.—The Subscriber is enabled to supply, constantly, his Customers with Foreign Leeches of the best quality and largest size, by the piece, dozen, or hundred—or to apply them at any time—on reasonable terms. For sale by DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, April 6. 377 Broadway.

GENUINE HARLEM OIL.—Just received, a fresh supply of the real and genuine Harlem Oil, which differs materially, in its unsurpassed medicinal virtues, from that native in this country. For sale, wholesale and retail, by DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, April 6. 377 Broadway.

CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS. A MOST splendid assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's superior POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, DRESSING-CASES, WRITING-DESKS, PORTFOLIOS, Porcelain TABLET BOOKS, &c. &c. of the neatest possible manufacture, for sale by BUSSING & CO., 794 William street, (next door to Cohen's, 71.)

THE attention of the public is invited to a very superior article of AROMATIC SEIDLITZ POWDERS, which upon trial will prove beyond all comparison unequalled by any now in use. The agreeable aromatic quality added to this composition, will in all seasons not only give a pleasant sensation to the most delicate stomach, but entirely prevent that feeling of chilliness so often complained of, when taking preparations of this nature in cold weather. In testimony of the superior quality and effects of the Aromatic Seidlitz Powders, I beg leave to advert to names of some of the most respectable Physicians, as seen on the wrappers of each box.
Sold wholesale and retail, at the subscriber's; and at the Drug Stores of J. B. Dodd, M. Shuman, and P. Dickey, Broadway.
J. P. CARROLL, No. 25 John street.

Plain Seidlitz Powders prepared as above, by Merchants, Captains, and Retailers, supplied on the shortest notice, and a liberal allowance made.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. York.

APPROACHING TERMINATION OF LOTTERIES. At the close of the present year, Lotteries in this State will cease for ever—therefore, time must be taken by the forelock, and application made to SYLVESTER, to obtain some of those delightful affairs called Capital Prizes. A Lottery will be drawn every Wednesday throughout the year, and Sylvester is always ready to pay prompt attention to the orders of his Patrons; he makes a liberal discount when a package or quantity is taken, and the Schemes now about to be drawn are particularly favourable for that mode of investment.

The Reporter is given and sent gratis to all who deal with Sylvester. It contains full official Drawings of Schemes—correct Counterfeit and Broken Bank Lists—and much useful and interesting matter.

DR. PHENNEY'S Anti-Dyspeptic or Bilious Pills.—These Pills have been in use for many years, approved of by the most respectable Medical Gentlemen, and valued for their being the most mild, safe, and efficacious remedy now in use, in removing complaints arising from Indigestion, such as sourness, sickness, or pain in the stomach and bowels, costiveness, or drowsiness—also in removing rheumatic affections of the Joints, gravelly complaints, so termed, The Dolorous, or painful affections of the skin, when they are brought on, or kept up from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels and often vitiated state of the bile; they are accommodated to all ages and climates and under all circumstances, and well adapted for the removal of a morbid condition of the stomach and bowels of children when afflicted with worms.
Catskill, April, 1833. ca—1y

PEACH ORCHARD, AND LEHIGH COALS.

THE Subscribers have now in yard a full supply of the above Coals, all of which have been selected the past season with great care, and are recommended to the public as first rate being inferior to none in this city, and will always be sold at the lowest market price by applying at the Coal Office No 157 Broadway, or at the yard corner of Morris and Washington Streets.

HENRY STOKES, & CO. Feb 16—c
N. B. Also for sale as above, first quality Liverpool and Peach Orchard Nut Coal.

EDINBURGH TOOTH-ACHE PASTE.—This celebrated article is constantly receiving fresh proof of its excellence, by numerous respectable certificates. If faithfully applied according to the directions, and a cure not effected, (in some cases from various causes it may so happen) the money will be refunded on returning the box.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by NATHAN B. GRAHAM, 38 Cedar, cor. Wil. st.

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS, AND DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS.

NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE, WHO DESIRE A

IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT THE OLD STAND, A CHOICE SUPPLY OF

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c. From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT OF 170 KINDS,

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

LOOK FOR BUSSING & CO. Manufacturers, 71 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR, highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amariah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheesman, M.D. June 6—c6m.

TRANSPARENT VARNISH.—White, Copal, and Mastic Varnish—possessing the clearness of water and the consistency of a syrup, which may be used by Cabinet-makers and Sign & Ornamental Painters; for Scraps, Pictures, and Paintings; in all cases with the utmost satisfaction—is offered for sale, wholesale and retail, by DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, April 6. 377 Broadway.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

At RIDGEFIELD, (CONN.)—By SAML. S. ST. JOHN, A. B. TERMS.—For Board and Tuition for Boys under 12 years of age, \$20 per quarter; over 12, \$25. No extra charges, except for Books and Stationery.

The number of Scholars will be strictly limited to 25, and the exclusive attention of the Principal devoted to their improvement. The course of study will be adapted to the wishes of the parents or guardians of each pupil, preparatory to an admission into the Counting House or College. When left to the Principal the studies will embrace a thorough English and Commercial Education.

References.—The Faculty of Columbia College, Rev. Edmund D. Barry, D.D., Rev. William A. Clark, D.D., Dr. William Hubbard.

Applications for admission can be made (by mail) to the Principal at Ridgefield, Fairfield Co. (Conn.)

Particular information respecting the character of the School, as well as reference to patrons in the city, may be had on application to Messrs. S. C. & S. Lynde, 256 Pearl street. April 5, 1833.

ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (tartar,) hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum boils, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentifrice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, (by say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE, Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these Drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the savans of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," a cure is guaranteed. JONATHAN DODGE, No. 5 Chambers-street, N. Y.

WORM SUGAR PLUMS.—An efficacious and convenient medicine for children, causing worms to be discharged in great numbers, and even when there is no appearance of worms. They are quite beneficial in conveying off the secretion of mucus from the stomach and bowels, which generates them, and is as injurious to children as worms alive. Sold wholesale or retail by NATHAN B. GRAHAM, 38 Cedar, corner of William st.